* Aug.30,1952

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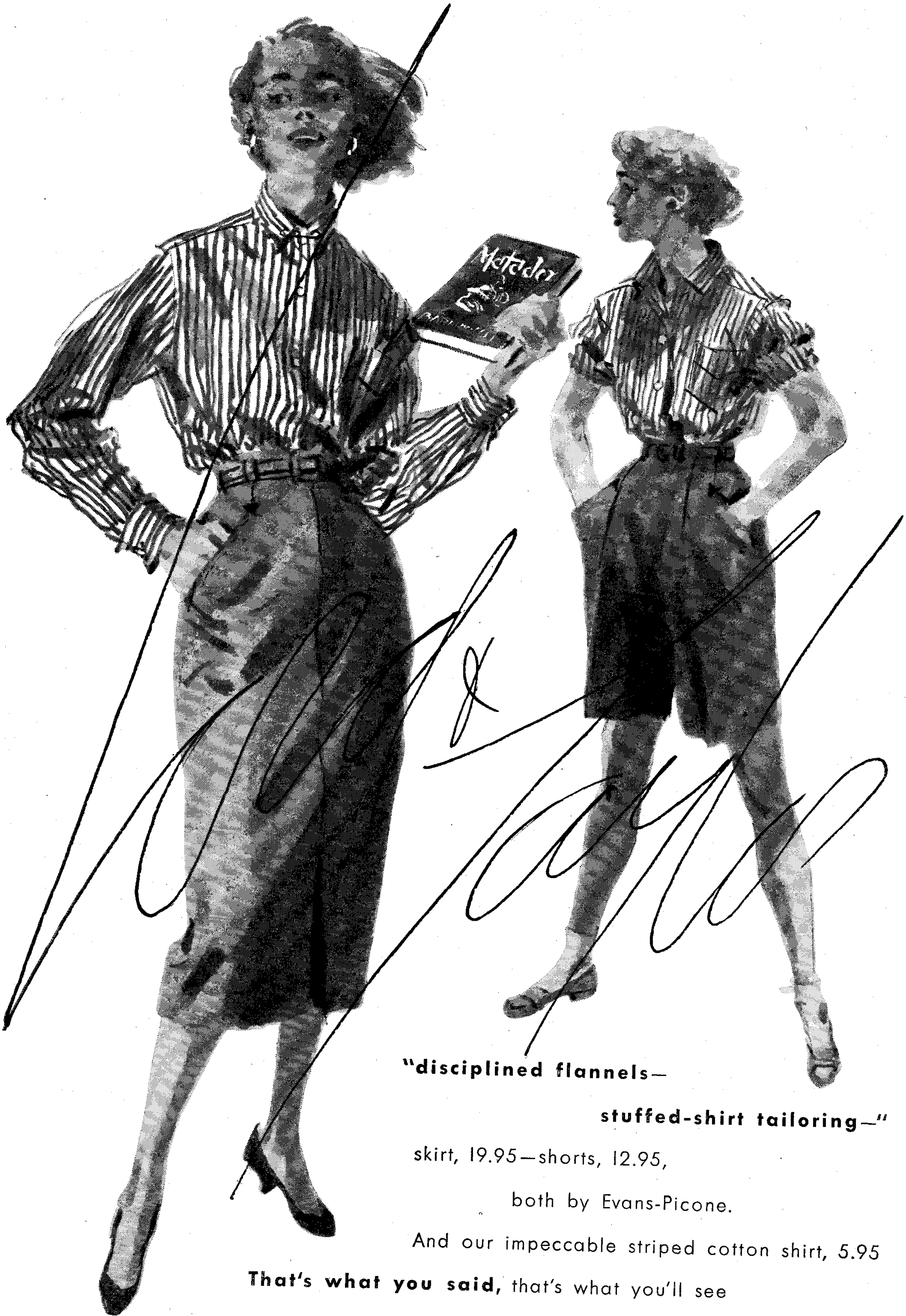

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MATINEE TODAY
AL FABRY

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				28	29	30
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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Male Animal—This revival of the James Thurber-Elliott Nugent comedy, which first appeared in 1940, is the funniest and most cogent show in town. Mr. Nugent again plays the harassed professor, and he is ably assisted by Martha Scott, Robert Preston, Matt Briggs, Halliwell Hobbes, and his daughter Nancy. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Point of No Return—Henry Fonda as the J. P. Marquand hero who chases after success and then isn't sure he wants it when he catches it. Paul Osborn has made an ingenious adaptation of Mr. Marquand's novel, and the production is superlative. Also with Leora Dana, Paul Huber, Frank Conroy, Robert Ross, and Colin Keith-Johnston. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—the fourposter: Betty Field and Burgess Meredith are the sole tenants of this play about a marriage that goes on for thirty-five years. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 3, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Labor Day.) . . . **the moon is blue:** A comedy in which Barry Nelson, Donald Cook, and Janet Riley figure as an architect, a roué, and a virgin, respectively. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays, except Sept. 4, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day.)

MUSICALS

New Faces of 1952—A sprightly addition to Leonard Sillman's series of revues. Ingeniously staged by John Murray Anderson and handsomely bedecked by Raoul Pène duBois, it also has a most refreshing cast, including Ronny Graham and June Carroll, who have also contributed several sketches and songs to the occasion. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5670. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day.)

Pal Joey—This revival of the O'Hara-Rodgers-Hart saga of a heel has been given a dazzling production and should enchant nearly everybody. Harold Lang is in the title role, and Helen Gallagher and Lionel Stander also appear in it. Vivienne Segal, who has been on vacation, will return on Labor Day. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wish You Were Here—Arthur Kober's comedy "Having Wonderful Time," fitted up for the musical stage. The scene is still a vacation lodge in the Catskills, and some of the dancing and some of the songs (by Harold Rome) are fine, but the appealing quality of the original play seems to have been mislaid. With Sheila Bond, Jack Cassidy, Patricia Marand, Sidney Armus, and Paul Valentine. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day.)

Long Runs—guys and dolls: All those Damon Runyon characters. Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Isabel Bigley, Sam Levene, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the king and i:** The effect a strong-willed English teacher (Gertrude Lawrence) has upon a royal Siamese (Yul Brynner) and his court. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **south pacific:** Yes, indeed. George Britton is currently playing opposite Martha Wright. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **top banana:** Phil Silvers is in this comedy concerning an ex-burlesque performer now starring in television. Among his assistants are Joey Faye, Jack Albertson, Walter Dare Wahl, and Johnny Trama. Reopens on Labor Day. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day.)

MISCELLANY

Masque and Lyre Light Opera Company—Through Saturday, Aug. 30: "Iolanthe." . . . ¶ Starting Thursday, Sept. 4: "Trial by Jury" and "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-6453. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, Sept. 6, at 2:15.)

Marine Stadium, Jones Beach—"A Night in Venice," an adaptation, by Ruth and Thomas Martin, of the Johann Strauss operetta. Thomas Hayward, Nola Fairbanks, and Jack Russell head a cast big enough to populate Akron, Ohio. Produced by Michael Todd and directed by Jack Donohue. (Nightly at 8:30. Closes on Saturday, Sept. 6.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing—the last one this season—of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Abingdon—Through Saturday, Aug. 30: "The Virginian." Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 1-2: "Detective Story." Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 3-4: "Goodbye, My Fancy." Friday and Saturday, Sept. 5-6 (final performances of the season): "See How They Run." (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:15. Matinée Wednesday at 2:30.)

Andover—Through Saturday, Aug. 30: Constance Bennett in "I Found April," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Sept. 1-6 (final performances of the season): Miriam Hopkins and Peter Lorre in "A Night at Mme. Tussaud's," a new play. (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinée Wednesday at 2:30.)

Cape May—Through Saturday, Aug. 30: Helmut Dantine in "The Happy Time." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 1-6 (final performances of the season): "Peg o' My Heart." (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:45.)

Chatham—Through Saturday, Aug. 30 (final performances of the season): "French for Love," a new play. (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Thursday at 2:30.)

Clinton—Through Saturday, Aug. 30 (final performances of the season): "The Respectful Prostitute." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Friday at 2:30.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, Aug. 30 (final performances of the season): "Finian's Rainbow." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30.)

Coonamessett—Through Saturday, Aug. 30 (final performances of the season): "On Your Toes." (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett, Mass. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Friday at 2:30.)

Danbury—Through Sunday, Aug. 31: "Brigadoon." Tuesday through Sunday, Sept. 2-7: "Carousel." (Melody Fair, Danbury, Conn. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5:30 and 9:30.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, Aug. 30 (final performances of the season): Beatrice Lillie and Reginald Gardiner in "An Evening with Beatrice Lillie." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Friday at 2:30.)

Duxbury—Through Saturday, Aug. 30 (final performances of the season): A concert of operatic selections. (Plymouth Rock Center

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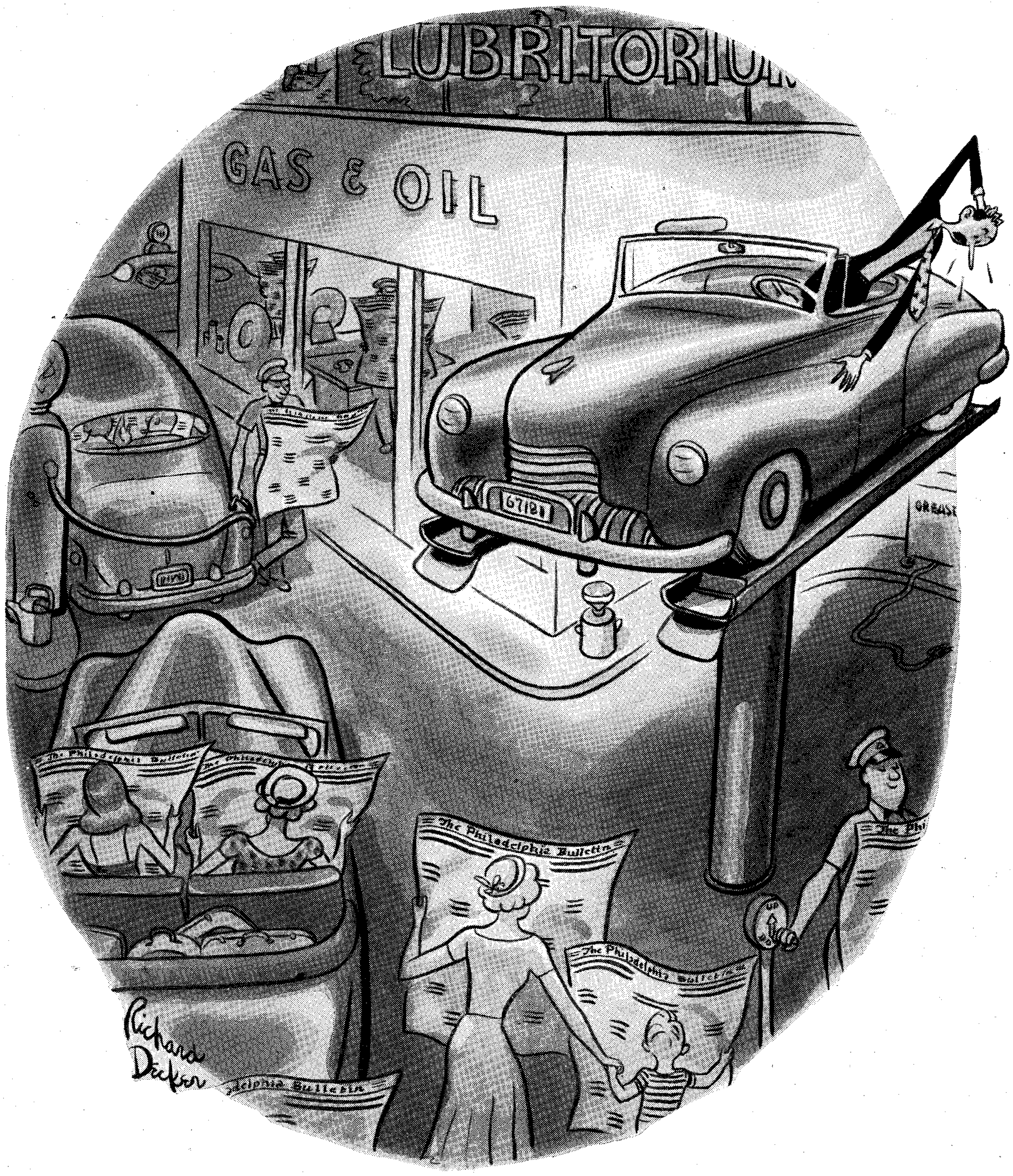
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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of Music and Drama, Duxbury Playhouse, Duxbury, Mass. Nightly at 8:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, Aug. 30 (final performances of the season): Ruth Chatterton in "Old Acquaintance." (John Drew Memorial Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly at 8:40.)

Fishkill—Through Sunday, Aug. 31 (final performances of the season): "Ring Round the Moon." (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Nightly at 8:35. Matinée Thursday at 2:30.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, Aug. 30: "Stepping Sisters." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 1-6 (final performances of the season): "Tobacco Road." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:20. Matinée Wednesday at 2:20.)

Hyannis—Through Saturday, Aug. 30 (final performances of the season): "Carousel." (Cape Cod Music Circus, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, Aug. 30 (final performances of the season): Mae West in her own comedy "Come On Up . . . Ring Twice!" (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly at 8:45. Matinée Saturday at 2:30.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, Aug. 31: Kyle MacDonnell in "Kiss Me, Kate." Starting Tuesday, Sept. 2: "Where's Charley?" (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, Aug. 30: Claude Rains in "Jezebel's Husband," a new play by Robert Nathan. Monday through Saturday, Sept. 1-6 (final performances of the season): Josephine Hull in "Mistress Liggins," a new play. (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Millburn—"The Student Prince." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, Aug. 30: Ilka Chase in "Over 21." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 1-6: Kim Hunter in "They Knew What They Wanted." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mount Kisco—Through Saturday, Aug. 30 (final performances of the season): "Kiss Me, Kate." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Nightly at 8:40.)

Moylan—Thursday, Aug. 28, at 7:30: "Man and Superman." Friday, Aug. 29, at 8:30: "Heartbreak House." Saturday, Aug. 30, at 8:30: "Julius Caesar." Monday, Sept. 1, at 7:30: "Man and Superman." Tuesday, Sept. 2, at 8:30: "The Cherry Orchard." Wednesday, Sept. 3, at 8:30: "No Exit." Thursday, Sept. 4, at 8:30: "Six Characters in Search of an Author." Friday, Sept. 5, at 8:30: "A Phoenix Too Frequent." Saturday, Sept. 6, at 8:30: "Cross Purpose." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, Aug. 30: Angela Lansbury in "Affairs of State." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 1-6: Kay Francis in "Theatre." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Newport—Through Saturday, Aug. 30: Denise Darcel in "The Happy Time." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 1-6 (final performances of the season): To be announced. (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Norwich—Through Saturday, Aug. 30: Marilyn Maxwell in "Remains to Be Seen." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 1-6 (final performances of the season): June Havoc in "Rain." (Norwich Summer Theatre, Norwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, Aug. 30: Dorothy Gish in "The Man." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 1-6: "Kiss Me, Kate." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Olney—Through Sunday, Aug. 31: Luise Rainer in "Biography." Tuesday through Sunday, Sept. 2-7: Beatrice Lillie and Reginald Gardiner in "An Evening with Beatrice Lillie." (Olney Theatre, Olney, Md. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, Aug. 31 (final performances of the season): "A Play for Mary." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly at 8:30.)

Peterborough—Through Wednesday, Sept. 3 (final performances of the season): "Dark of the Moon." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40.)

Provincetown—Through Monday, Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): "The Tavern." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly at 8:30.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Saturday, Aug. 30 (final performances of the season): Kay Francis in "Theatre." (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30.)

Sea Cliff—Through Saturday, Aug. 30 (final performances of the season): Patsy Kelly in "My Sister Eileen." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Thursday and Friday at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, Aug. 30: Edward Everett Horton in "Nina." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 1-6: Conrad Nagel in "Be Your Age," a new comedy. (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Smithtown Branch—Through Sunday, Aug. 31: "The Respectful Prostitute." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 1-6 (final performances of the season): "Tobacco Road." (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly at 8:40.)

Spring Lake—Through Saturday, Aug. 30: "Glad Tidings." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 1-6: "Yes, Miss Craig," a new comedy. (Ivy Tower Playhouse, Spring Lake, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Mondays at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, Aug. 30: "Macbeth." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 1-6 (final performances of the season): Edward Everett Horton in "Nina." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Westhampton Beach—Through Saturday, Aug. 30 (final performances of the season): "Dear Ruth." (Westhampton Playhouse, Westhampton Beach, L.I. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40.)

Westport—Through Saturday, Aug. 30: Faye Emerson in "Dangerous Corner." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 1-6: Macdonald Carey and Maureen Stapleton in "Tin Wedding," a new play. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, Aug. 31 (final performances of the season): "For Love or Money." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly at 8:40.)

Worcester—Through Sunday, Aug. 31: "Tobacco Road." Tuesday through Sunday, Sept. 2-7 (final performances of the season): "Stepping Sisters." (The Playhouse, Worcester, Mass. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:20. Matinées Saturdays at 2:20.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival will present La Meri, Ted Shawn, Myra Kinch, and others in the final programs this season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. (Lee, Mass. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 29-30, at 4 and 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Garden, only a few feet above the Twentieth Century Limited, has Jules Lande and his dance orchestra at dinner and supper. Silence on Sundays.

Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (JU 6-3000)—Blue Barron's orchestra booms away in this large and lofty *palais de dance.* Closed Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—There's string music by Michael Kent's quartet in the Palm Court at cocktail time (except Sundays and Labor Day) and by a string ensemble during dinner on the Cascades Roof, which will be closed Saturday, Sunday, and Labor Day, Aug. 30-Sept. 1, and will close for the season on Friday, Sept. 5. No dancing in either place.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—"Vanity Fair," enacted by an all-star cast, some of it flown in from the Coast. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing. Closed Saturday through Monday, Aug. 30-Sept. 1.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—In the Terrace Room show, which is mounted on a sizable cake of ice, a young couple named Phil Romayne and Terry Brent toss off some big-tent acrobatics, and a fellow named Elimar does some neat juggling. Bernie Cummins' orchestra makes the music. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Except Mondays, Stanley Worth's quartet performs for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous Room, which is devoted to the comfort of those who are fond of light wines and dancing, offers Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo Le-Fleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court during the cocktail hour. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Dinner and supper dance music in the Grill by Lenny Herman's orchestra. Closed Sundays and Labor Day.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, a beautiful bonbon, has Milt Shaw and Paul Rickenbacker and their bands for dancing. Closed Sundays and Labor Day.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra is in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper, as well as for tea dancing every afternoon.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Gilded youth meets girl. Dance music by an orchestra and a rumba band. Will be closed Friday, Aug. 29, through Labor Day.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Dancing (when the heavens approve) after eight on weekdays and seven on Sundays on the terrace, which is completely outdoors.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Not one of the oldest châteaux, but it has a decent cellar, a competent (if non-regional) cuisine, air-conditioning, dance music by

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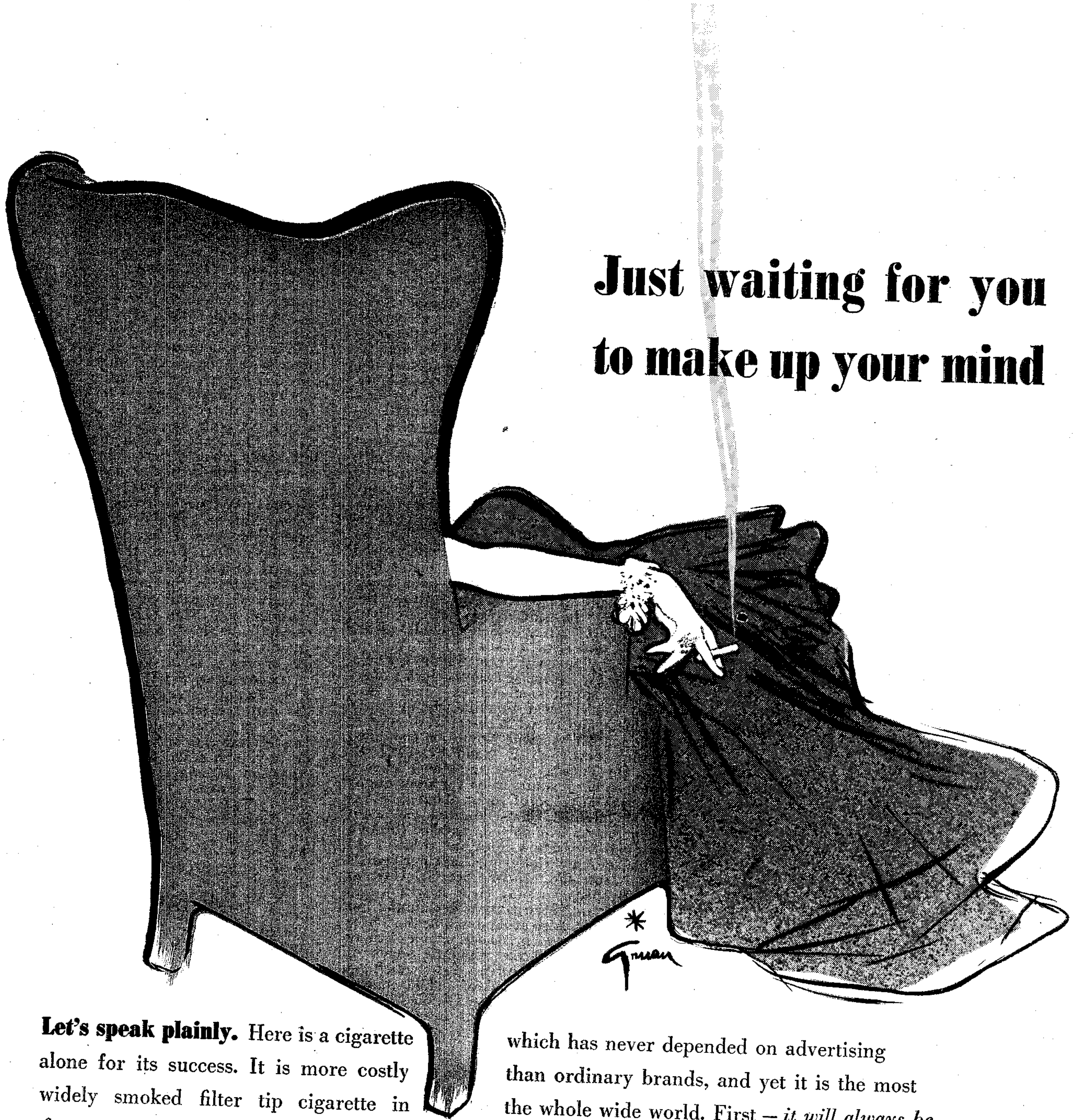

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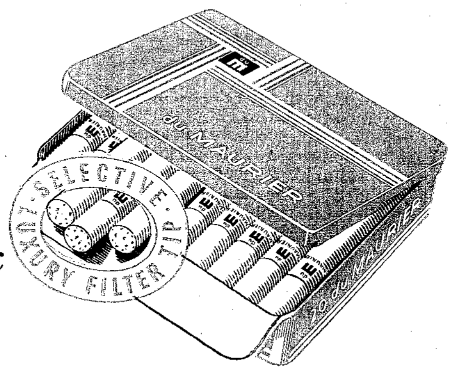

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Panchito's band and Emile Petti's orchestra after nine, and songs by Mary Small.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Through Saturday, Aug. 30, at dinner and supper on the Starlight Roof, there'll be divertissement by Los Chavales de España, eleven splendid musicians and singers who, though occasionally influenced by the folkways of WNBC and WOR, are still basically and lustily Spanish, as is Trini Reyes, their prima ballerina. Emil Coleman's and Mischa Borr's bands function for dancing all evening. Sunday, Aug. 31, when curfew is midnight, Mr. Borr's group will have the place to itself. On Labor Day, Vaughn Monroe, the Voice of Doom, will bring his troupe of musicians, singers, dancers, and whatnot aboard. The Borr band will stay on.

Note—The high-in-the-sky Rainbow Room, an intimate aerie no larger than Glacier National Park, and just as full of summer visitors, is open for cocktails from four to nine. There is soft music now and then, and not a single taxi horn. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, one of the oldest of all the family retainers, uncorks his enthusiastic dance music at eight-thirty. Closed Saturday, Aug. 30, through Labor Day.... **TONI'S CAPRICE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): George Feyer, whose approach is Viennese, is at the piano from five to eight and ten to daybreak. Closed Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Hustle and bustle, hustle and bustle the whole week long. Above it all, you can hear, if you're determined, Cy Walter's brilliant piano nocturnes at dinner and supper every evening but Sunday.... **BEAU BRUMMEL,** 65 E. 54th St. (PL 5-1792): Reopens on Tuesday, Sept. 2, for the customary relaxed cocktailing and dining to Lynn Mullinax's casual piano, which is audible until midnight.... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): This almost prehistoric play pen affords piano and violin (of sorts) after nine-thirty for the North Shore group. Will be closed Saturday, Aug. 30, through Labor Day, and will operate thereafter every day but Sunday.... **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney is a storehouse of the best show tunes, to all of which he adds a great zest. He plays piano from nine o'clock on. Closed Sundays.... **LA ZAMBRA,** 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Conversation, song, dance, and guitar by Vicente Gomez, a fairly smart jack of all these trades, during dinner and supper. Closed Mondays. ... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey turns out well-bred piano in this ducal parlor at dinner and after the theatre. Sundays, the instrument is in the hands of Harold Cooke.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): This segment of the old Spanish Main is devoted to indigenous song and dance, done with feeling and no little determination. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): A boisterous example of 1960 décor, amid which Harry Meyerowitz plays piano at cocktails, and Rudy Timfield does the honors at dinner and supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

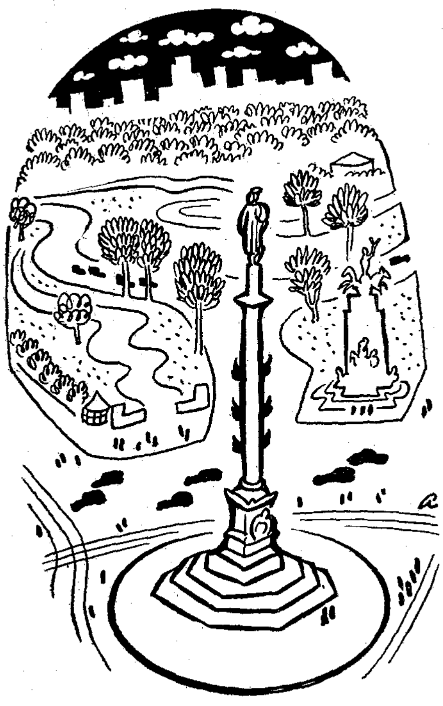
(Dancing, unless noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): From practically dusk to dawn, Gali Gali (a pretty funny fellow) makes rabbits disappear, and Al Bernie explores a well-worked vein of humor. On Thursday, Sept. 4, a new show arrives, headed by Joe E. Lewis and his unrivalled collection of pari-mutuel tickets.... ¶ Up in the lounge, where once disc jockeys roamed hungrily, Milt Page, an eminent musicologist, plays brisk jazz, in between the request numbers, on the local organ after the theatre.... **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N. J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): Toni Arden and Jack Carter, temporarily relegated to the countryside, serve to remind all hands (she vocally, he jocularly) that there'll always be a Broadway. On Friday, Sept. 5, a new extravaganza, headed by Frank Sinatra. For free, there's a view of the skies above and the imperturbable old Hudson below.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Reopens Thursday, Sept. 4, with a new charade involving, among other merriment, the one-of-a-kind pranks of Alice Ghostley and G. Wood, the sardonic ballads of the ageless and witty Odette Myrtil, the skylark songs of Anita Ellis, and the intricate jazz of Ellis Larkin's trio.... **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Reopens Thursday, Sept. 4, with (as usual) Julius Monk in charge of the charivari, which will involve the wonderfully buoyant comedy of Connie Sawyer and the bright music of Norman Paris and his tiny symphony orchestra.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Reopens Friday, Sept. 5, with Orson Bean, a nice, quiet young storyteller who believes that the shaggy dog is man's best friend, and Sylvia Syms, a stylized basso profundo with some neat little ditties. Between shows, the solid dance music of Clarence Williams' trio, which includes Karl Lynch.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Except Sundays, Paula Stewart sings; except Mondays, Herb Corey, a Village character, dispenses humor. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville rip off their piano duets, and Hazel Webster is, of course, the solo pianist. Antique movies on Sundays. ... **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (MU 8-9762): On Tuesday, Sept. 2, Mabel Mercer will reopen her upstairs salon for admirers of her special portfolio of songs about love, requited or blighted. Sam Hamilton will again be at the piano. The place is reached through the ground-floor Show Spot Bar, a bit of old Limehouse Nights offering Laurie Brewis's piano.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Reopens Tuesday, Sept. 2, with a clap of thunder; i.e., Mae Barnes declaiming her playful ballads. Also around will be the Three Riffs, court jesters in whose madness there is sly method, and the romantic songs of Jimmie Daniels and Norene Tate, which get a contrasting background of double-jointed jive from the Three Flames, headed by the catalytic Tiger Haines. For heaping good measure, Hamish Menzies will intone his demi-monde lyrics. Closed Mondays.



MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open until late, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): In this storied wind tunnel, the variations on themes by Tin Pan Alley are usually intricate and always extrovert. Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, Cliff Leeman, and sometimes Mr. Condon are responsible. Wednesday, Sept. 3, will be Mr. Davison's final appearance. Don Abney is in charge of the interlude piano. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the chaos. Closed Sundays. ... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Barbara Carroll, a slim-stemmed calla lily in a luxurious hothouse, is playing progressive piano with even greater authority these days. She and her trio perform after nine. Don Abney makes bright remarks on the same piano from five-thirty to nine. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon's band is doing a rough-and-ready job of rafter-ringing here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Freddy Moore head a cast of devotees of jazz as it was in the good old days. Don Frye, the interlude pianist, is part of the lease. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Sarah Vaughan and Slim Gaillard, who represent, respectively, the Debussy and the blockbuster schools of modern scat singing. Wednesday, Sept. 3, is Miss Vaughan's last night. ... **LE DOWNBEAT,** 263 W. 54th St. (CI 5-9503): Billy Taylor's freewheeling abstract piano is the major event in his trio. Milt Jackson's new group, also on deck, includes Zoot Sims. It's advisable to sit in the balcony, and hold on to your hat and your eardrums. Jam sessions on Mondays, when this gang is off duty.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, whose trio inhabits the circular bar, has ideas of her own about modern piano and a facile way of expressing them. The music is on tap after nine-thirty, except Mondays.... **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Max Kaminsky and other right-minded men—such as Charlie Queener on piano, Ray Diehl on trombone, and Don MacLean on drums—in the grill Tuesdays through Saturdays until one-thirty or so and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. On Sunday, Aug. 31, from five-thirty to eight-thirty, Mr. Kaminsky, Buster Bailey, Sonny Greer, Lloyd Trotman, and others will make Dixieland jam. Dancing.... **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Friday and Saturday, Aug. 29-30, there'll be a rumpus involving, everyone hopes, Jimmy McPartland, Buck Clayton, George Wettling, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Sullivan, Jimmy Archey, Lou McGarity, and Claude Hopkins.... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A double-decker stand (Friday and Saturday evenings, Aug. 29-30) by, it is reliably reported, Conrad Janis and his tailgaters, Red Allen, Big Chief Russell Moore, Buster Bailey, Willie the Lion Smith, and Art Trappier. Dancing.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-9311); closed Mondays, except Labor Day, and Tuesday, Sept. 2.... **BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (HIcksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays.... **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays, except Labor Day. ... **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726).... **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266).... **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394); closed Mondays, except Labor Day.... ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 9-7384).... **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Mondays, except Labor Day, and Tuesdays. ... **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing every evening except Tuesday, Sept. 2.... **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597).... **HUNTINGTON, L.I.:**

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

René's (Huntington 4-2309); closed Tuesdays. . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** Mori's (GReat Neck 2-3600). . . . **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-1604); closed Mondays, except Labor Day. . . . ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-0354); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-9371); closed Mondays, except Labor Day, and Tuesday, Sept. 2. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Stonehenge (Ridgefield 6-6511); Peter Walters at the piano, except Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 6-7628). . . . ¶ Hearthstone (Ridgefield 6-7613). . . . **ROSLYN, L.I.:** Blue Spruce Inn (ROslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays. . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 1997); closed Mondays, except Labor Day, and Tuesday, Sept. 2. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** *Round Hill (Huntington 1371);* closed Mondays, except Labor Day, and Tuesday, Sept. 2. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (SYosset 6-1706). . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (TArrytown 4-3030); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.** Westbury Manor (Westbury 7-2184). . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Westport 2-6204).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6, and will be closed on Labor Day.)

GALLERIES

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ARTISTS EQUITY ASSOCIATION,** 13 E. 67th St.: An exhibition by contemporary artists, celebrating the opening of the Association's new building; through Aug. 29. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Approximately fifty oils by, among others, Adolf Dehn, George Grosz, and Joe Jones; through Aug. 29. . . . **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57th St.: Water colors, drawings, and oils by Albert P. Ryder, George Ratkai, Sol Wilson, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through Aug. 29. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57th St.: Oils and water colors by Harold Baumbach, Stephen Csoka, and Virginia Cuthbert, plus sculptures by Nancy Dryfoos, Joseph Konzal, and Winslow Eaves; through Aug. 28. . . . **HACKER,** 24 W. 58th St.: Paintings, never before exhibited, by three gallery members, Sara Provan, Roy Newell, and John Anderson; through Sept. 26. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 32 E. 57th St.: Pictures in various mediums from solo shows of the past season, along with works by such earlier Americans as Sloan and Prendergast; through Sept. 12. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 17 E. 57th St.: The gallery members represented here, in a collection of oils, water colors, drawings, and sculptures, include Zoltan Sepeshy, Paul Cadmus, Henry Koerner, and Oronzio Maldarelli; through Aug. 29. . . . **SALMAGUNDI CLUB,** 47 Fifth Ave., at 12th St.: A summer exhibition of paintings, prints, and sculptures by Frank Gervasi, Louis Betts, Louis Jambor, and others; through Sept. 5. (Weekdays, 12:30 to 6; Sundays and Labor Day, 2 to 6.) . . . **VILLAGE ART CENTER,** 44 W. 11th St.: A show by prizewinners of previous exhibitions at the Center, including Bertram Goodman, Ruth Jacoby, and Emily Barto; around seventy entries in a wide variety of mediums; through Sept. 5. (Daily, 1 to 6, and Sunday, Monday, and Thursday evenings until 10.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **PERLS,** 32 E. 58th St.: Bombois, Soutine, Léger, Dufy, and other Paris-school painters; through Sept. 20. . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: Nineteenth-century French paintings by Corot, Renoir, Pissarro, and others; through Sept. 30.

PAUL RENÉ GAUGUIN—Colored woodcuts, principally of Norwegian scenes, by the grandson of the great post-Impressionist; through Sept. 29. (Serigraph, 38 W. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—No special exhibition; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan show of French Impressionists and post-Impressionists, including Renoir, van Gogh, Pissarro, and Degas, lent to the Museum by Mrs. Maurice Wertheim; through Sept. 14. . . . ¶ Approximately a hundred lithographs, wood engravings, etchings, and drawings, by Cézanne's contemporaries; through Sept. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The private collection of Captain Edward Molyneux, comprising about seventy paintings by Manet, Degas, Bonnard, Utrillo, Vlaminck, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists; through Sept. 7. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 7.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Klee and Kandinsky, among others, are represented in a survey covering the years 1900 to the present, called "Evolution to Non-Objectivity;" through Oct. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

IN THE COUNTRY

ANDOVER, MASS. Addison Gallery of American Art: Paintings of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries, in addition to sculptures, constructions, mobiles, and photographs; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, except Labor Day, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2:30 to 5.) . . . **CANAAN, N.Y.** Berkshire Art Center: Contemporary American art, including several landscapes of Canaan's environs, by, among others, Sol Wilson, Jean Liberte, Reginald Marsh, and Dong Kingman; through Sept. 1. (Daily, 2:30 to 6.) . . . **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.** Guild Hall: French Impressionist paintings and drawings by Delacroix, Monet, Cezanne, Corot, and others; through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, 10 to 5 and 8:30 to 10.) . . . **ESSEX, CONN.** Essex Art Association: A group show by amateurs as well as professionals; through Sept. 7. (Daily, 1 to 5.) . . . **LENOX, MASS.** Music Inn: Paintings, sculptures, and other works by Saul Steinberg, Ben Shahn, Peter Lipman-Wulf, and other contemporaries, in a loan exhibition called "Music in Art;" through Sept. 6. (Daily, 10 to 6.) . . . **MYSTIC, CONN.** Mystic Art Association: Represented in the second part of the Association's twenty-eighth annual are Garrett Price, Robert Brackman, Jacques Maroger, and others; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sunday, 2 to 5:30.) . . . **NEWPORT, R.I.** Art Association of Newport: An exhibition of seascapes, done in Europe and Newport, by Leonid; through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 2 to 5.) . . . **OGUNQUIT, MAINE.** Ogunquit Art Association: Robert Laurent, Henry Strater, and Edward Betts are among the fifty contributors here; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sunday and Labor Day, 1 to 5:30.) . . . **OLD LYME, CONN.** Lyme Art Association: The twentieth annual fall showing of oils, plus pastels, water colors, prints, and drawings; through Sept. 14. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . **PROVINCETOWN, MASS.** Provincetown Art Association: A members' jury show, comprising oils, water colors, prints, and sculptures; through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ A memorial exhibit of paintings by Charles W. Hawthorne; through Sept. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 10; Sundays, 2 to 6.) . . . **ROCKPORT, MASS.** Rockport Art Association: A mixed-mediums exhibition, with works by Ken Gore, Ted Kautzky, and others; through Sept. 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 3 to 6.)

MUSIC

NAUMBURG SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Henry Aaron *conducting, with Paul King, baritone.* (Central Park Mall. Monday, Sept. 1, at 8:30.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—The Berkshire Quartet presenting the final performances in a series of chamber-music concerts. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Fridays, Sundays, and Saturday, Sept. 6, at 4.)

SOUTH MOUNTAIN—The Bennington Ensemble in a program of chamber music. (South Mountain, Pittsfield, Mass. Sunday, Aug. 31, at 4.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Washington, Friday, Aug. 29, at 8:30; Saturday, Aug. 30, at 2:30; and Sunday, Aug. 31, at 2:05. (Before the start of the Saturday game,

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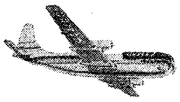

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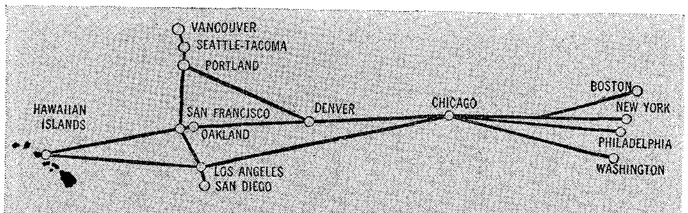
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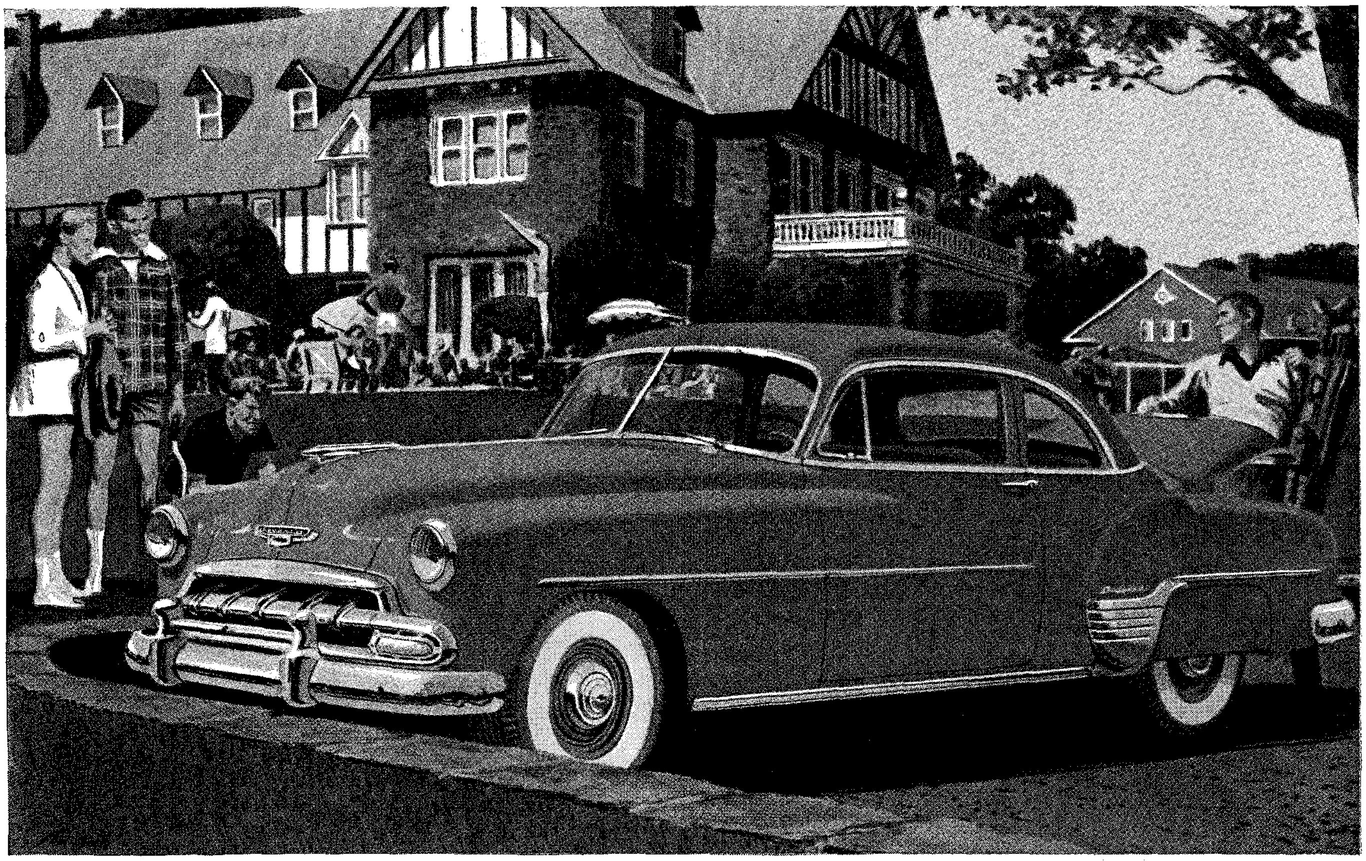

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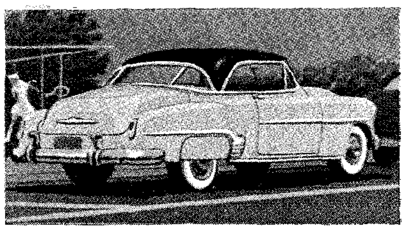

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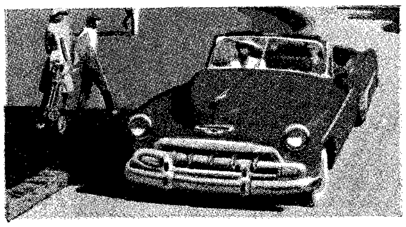

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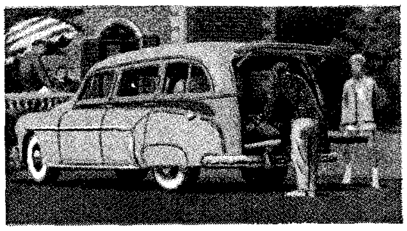

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

three innings will be run off by two Yankee teams of several years back.) . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Monday, Sept. 1, at 1:30 (doubleheader), and Tuesday, Sept. 2, at 8:30. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Giants, Saturday, Aug. 30, at 8:30, and Sunday, Aug. 31, at 2:05. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, Sept. 3, at 8:30, and Thursday and Friday, Sept. 4-5, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dodgers, Saturday, Sept. 6, at 2 (doubleheader).

BOXING—Gil Turner vs. Bobby Dykes, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, Sept. 5. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

GOLF—Long Island Golf Association Mixed Foursomes. (Rockville Country Club, Rockville Centre. Thursday, Aug. 28.)

HORSE SHOWS—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday through Monday, Aug. 30-Sept. 1.) . . . ¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook, L.I. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 4-6.)

HUNT RACING—Foxcatcher Hounds. (Fairhill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 6.)

POLO—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase: Sundays and Labor Day at 3:30. (The latter is for the benefit of the American Legion.) . . . BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:15; from Monday, Sept. 1, through Saturday, Sept. 13. (Trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:15.) . . . SARATOGA SPRINGS: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 30. The Saratoga Cup, Thursday, Aug. 28, and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 30.

TENNIS—Women's Invitation Tournament. (Maidstone Club, East Hampton, L.I. Through Saturday, Aug. 30.) . . . ¶ U.S.L.T.A. National Singles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Friday, Aug. 29, through Sunday, Sept. 7. Tickets may be obtained at Spalding's, 518 Fifth Ave., at 43rd St.; the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway, at Cedar St.; and the West Side Tennis Club.)

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Aug. 30. (Trains leave Grand Central Station for the track daily at 6:53, 7:28, and 7:40, and Saturday at 7:20.) . . . ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 7:04; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49.)

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Race Week. (Manhasset. Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 3-7.)

OTHER EVENTS

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN—Major speeches, which will probably be broadcast if the networks, understandably sensitive about charges of favoritism in election years, do not succumb to the fidgets—DEMOCRATIC: President Truman in Milwaukee, Labor Day, at 10 P.M. . . . ¶ Governor Stevenson in New York, Thursday, Aug. 28, at 8:30 and 10 P.M., and in Detroit, Labor Day, at 1 P.M. . . . REPUBLICAN: General Eisenhower in Philadelphia, Thursday, Sept. 4, at 9 P.M., and in Kasson, Minnesota, Saturday, Sept. 6, at 1 P.M. (All times listed are Eastern Daylight Saving Time, and all are speculative.)

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent, as far as the visiting public is concerned, until the middle of September. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 22 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The current show is called "Rocket to the Moon" and simulates the lunar atmosphere and weather (or, rather, the lack of it) plus a total solar eclipse created by the earth. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays, except Labor Day, through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Casque d'Or—An arresting, realistic French film of crime and passion in the apache Paris of fifty years ago. Very grim and very Grand Guignol. With Claude Dauphin, Simone Signoret, and Serge Reggiani. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Encore—Another movie sampling of the short stories of Somerset Maugham, and a fairly satisfactory one, too, although a cut below the first of the lot, "Quartet." Figuring in this English mixture are Roland Culver, Nigel Patrick, Glynis Johns, and Kay Walsh. (Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Five Fingers—James Mason as an Albanian who steals British secrets for the Germans during the Second World War. Purportedly based on a true situation but highly improbable as told here. For all that, it moves right along a good bit of the time. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; Aug. 31-Sept. 2.)

The Greatest Show on Earth—DeMille under the big top. The story is hopelessly absurd, but the shots of the circus in action go a long way to compensate for it. With Betty Hutton, Cornel Wilde, Dorothy Lamour, Charlton Heston, Gloria Grahame, and James Stewart. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Aug. 31-Sept. 3.)

High Noon—In this topnotch Western, Gary Cooper and his wife, a Quaker lady with considerable knowledge of the six gun, wipe out a foursome of visiting badmen. Grace Kelly plays the spouse, and Thomas Mitchell and Lloyd Bridges are around, too. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

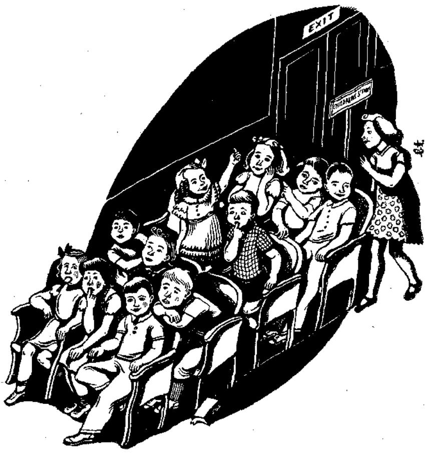
Ivanhoe—Large, belligerent groups of Normans and Saxons battle it out in Technicolor in this ambitious version of Walter Scott's famous tale. Robert Taylor is the valorous Ivanhoe, Elizabeth Taylor and Joan Fontaine his admiring Rebecca and Rowena. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Jour de Fête—A French film that looks like a new-day version of the sort of comedy Mack Sennett used to indulge in and is, for the most part, hugely diverting. Jacques Tati is the hero of the piece—a postman who wants to introduce U.S. speedup methods into local postal procedure after seeing a movie on the subject. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Sept. 2.)

The Man in the White Suit—Alec Guinness as an eccentric textile inventor whose masterwork is a fabric that won't wear out and is so tough it has to be tailored with a blowtorch. Highly comical. Mr. Guinness is assisted in this English film by Cecil Parker, Ernest Thesiger, and Joan Greenwood. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Outcast of the Islands—Carol Reed's lively screen adaptation of Joseph Conrad's novel about a wandering wastrel of the South Seas. Photographed in Ceylon and Borneo, the film is good to look at and has a capable cast that includes Trevor Howard, Robert Morley, Wendy Hiller, George Coulouris, and Kerima, a French-Arab lady. An English movie. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; starting Sept. 3.)

The Pennywhistle Blues—A jaunty little film (formerly called "The Magic Garden") that relates some lively anecdotes about the uproar caused in the native section of Johannesburg by a thief who keeps hiding a stolen forty pounds in pockets of his fellow-citizens. The cast consists of local amateur talent. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Sept. 2.)



The Story of Robin Hood—Sherwood Forest revisited. The place never looked better. A Disney picture with live actors, among them Richard Todd and Joan Rice. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting Sept. 1.)

We're Not Married—What happens to a series of couples who discover that they're out of wedlock on account of a justice of the peace who has exercised his powers prematurely. Quite funny. Fred Allen, Ginger Rogers, David Wayne, and Victor Moore lead an amiable cast. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; through Aug. 30.)

What Price Glory?—Another version, and a good one, of Maxwell Anderson's and Laurence Stallings' seemingly indestructible story of those two tough Marines, Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt. With James Cagney and Dan Dailey, and directed by John Ford. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)

The Young and the Damned—A savage study of juvenile delinquency, directed and partly written by Louis Buñuel, whose motivations may be obscure but whose ability with the camera cannot be denied. A Mexican film with a cast consisting mostly of amateurs. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Aug. 28.)

REVIVALS

The Adventuress (1947)—An English comedy about the anti-British activities of a patriotic Irish girl during the war. With Deborah Kerr. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Aug. 30.)

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 1-2.)

Blithe Spirit (1945)—The Noel Coward romp with ghosts and mediums. An English picture, with Rex Harrison. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; Aug. 28.)

The Brave Bulls (1951)—Bullfighting in Mexico, with Mel Ferrer as a melancholy matador. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Aug. 30.)

Catherine the Great (1934)—Romance and ruin in Imperial Russia, with Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Aug. 31-Sept. 2.)

Detective Story (1951)—Melodrama in a precinct station, taken from the play by Sidney Kingsley. With Kirk Douglas and Eleanor Parker. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Aug. 30.)

In a Lonely Place (1950)—Humphrey Bogart as the key suspect in a Hollywood murder case. With Gloria Grahame. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Aug. 31-Sept. 2.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock's express train, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas aboard. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746; through Sept. 3, tentative.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. An English picture. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Aug. 29.)

Pearls of the Crown (1938)—Sacha Guitry's tricky history of some famous jewels. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 1.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Aug. 31-Sept. 2.)

Red River (1948)—Drama in the West with all the trimmings. With Montgomery Clift and John Wayne. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Aug. 31-Sept. 1.)

Sorrowful Jones (1949)—Bob Hope, a bookie, saddled with a small girl. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 1-2.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—Another Hitchcock picture. This one deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Sept. 3.)

The Thief of Bagdad (1940)—You know, flying carpets and jinn. Sabu and Conrad Veidt. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 29.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—An English comedy about some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9860; starting Aug. 29.)

Tony Draws a Horse (1951)—An English whimsey that exploits a number of the more peculiar facets of British society. With Cecil Parker and Anne Crawford. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Aug. 30.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Aug. 31, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Grand Illusion" (1938), directed by Jean Renoir, with Jean Gabin, Erich von Stroheim, and Pierre Fresnay. . . . ¶ Starting Sept. 1, showings at 3: "Romeo and Juliet" (1936), with Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, John Barrymore, and Basil Rathbone. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima."

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
"The Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima." (Showings at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Quiet Man," John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"The Big Sky," Kirk Douglas.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"The Devil Makes Three," Gene Kelly, Pier Angeli.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
HIGH NOON.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
IVANHOE.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Crimson Pirate," Burt Lancaster.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Les Misérables," Michael Rennie, Debra Paget.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
WHAT PRICE GLORY?

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
Through Sept. 3 (tentative): "Sudden Fear," Joan Crawford, Jack Palance.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Affair in Trinidad," Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford.

How can you look so naughty and feel so nice? Warner's Merry Widow

You'll be gayer than the Merry Widow in Warner's exciting new cinch bra—the answer to fashion's dictates for diminutive waists and revealing decolletage.

Audacious the way the Warner's Merry Widow belittles your waist, makes the most of your charms. All at once you're inches smaller!

And the thrice-blessed sorcery of the bra top! The magic of marquisette folds transforms it from a bewitching half-bra . . . to a bodice line . . . to a three-quarter bra.

Whether it's a waltz or a samba, you'll *look* your naughtiest and *feel* your nicest in Warner's Merry Widow.

Black or white embroidered nylon marquisette with detachable garters. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, B cup. At the nicest stores . . . $12.50

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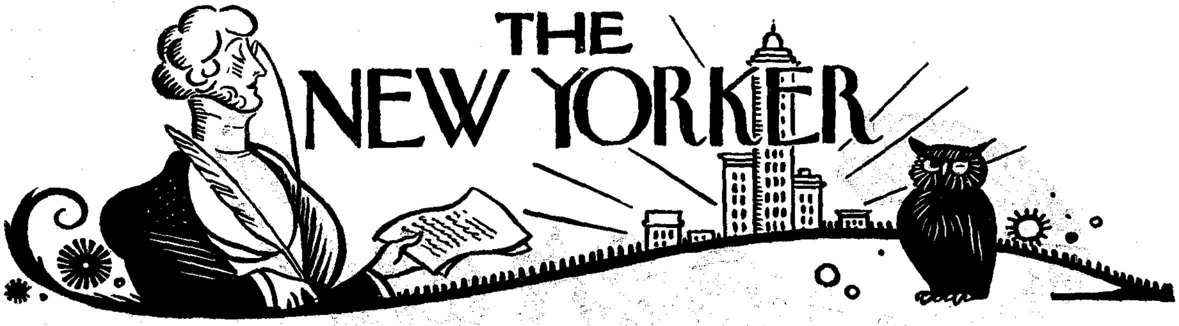
The Warner Bros. Co., New York 16, Chicago 6, San Francisco 8

Inspired by the forthcoming MGM film "The Merry Widow" starring Lana Turner.

The new ultra-brilliant indelible lipstick,
creamy and non-drying.

In the same beautiful range of colors that has made the Monteil lipstick famous.

Germaine Monteil



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE *British Medical Journal* recently reported a case that strikes us as having a classic simplicity rare in medical annals these days. A twenty-eight-year-old British housewife turned bright yellow. Her physician investigated, and learned that she had been eating a pound of carrots a day for a year. He suggested that perhaps the carrots had turned her yellow, and sent her to a hospital for examination. There she was taken off carrots, and she quickly regained her natural coloring. What we like about this is that it suggests a simple cause-and-effect relationship we thought had gone out with Galen. No acquired tolerance, no toxic side effects, no endocrinal imbalance, no psychosomatic disturbance. Just a clean-cut situation: eat carrots, yellow; stop eating carrots, pink. We're going to speak to our doctor about that.

Cool

A BUSINESSMAN who works down at 44 Whitehall Street wrote us a while back that on very hot days this summer a fellow in a neighboring office—Patrick Cavanaugh by name—has been turning up in white shorts; a short-sleeved white sports shirt, open at the neck; white knitted hose, reaching to just below the knee; and white shoes. Admitting that he was himself the slave of a sack suit, our correspondent expressed envy of his neighbor's unconventional attire and asked us to look into the question of its desirability for local business and social wear. "Like to risk shorts, afraid to try," he wrote. "Suggest sound out Cavanaugh, get truth before weather worsens. Ninety-two this minute." Late one recent hot afternoon, we journeyed to 44 Whitehall, pushed open Cavanaugh's door, and beheld the great man, as advertised. In white shirt, white shorts, white hose, and white shoes, he sat dictating to a secretary, and looked as cool as cool. We begged the honor of a brief sartorial chat. He glanced pityingly at our bejacketed and betrousered form, then thrust out his hand and gave us a wrestler's grip that nearly floored us. "Captain Cavanaugh," he boomed. "President, the Cavanaugh Shipping Company. International freight, sea and air. A shipping broker, that is, damn it!" He released our hand and studied his watch. "The sun's over the yardarm, friend," he said. "Time for a monkey chaser!"

Without further ado, he led us out of 44 Whitehall and up the street to a bar. Along the way, between waving to acquaintances and stopping to bark an occasional greeting, he managed to tell us that he was born in Augusta, Georgia, joined the Navy during the First World War, acquired a master's license, and was the skipper of various merchant vessels until 1938, when he retired from the sea to found Cavanaugh Shipping. In the Second World War, he worked in the War Shipping Administration. "I was assigned to South and East Africa in '42," he said. "Got used to wearing tropical clothes out there. When I came home, in '47, and the hot weather hit, I got up one morning and almost without thinking put on my old African rig. On the subway coming in from Long Island, I was showered with compliments. Total strangers came up to congratulate me on how well I looked, though I say it as shouldn't. No catcalls, no whistles, no giggles. Well, I've worn the rig every really hot day since. Every man in town is dying to dress sensibly, and I'm the only one with the guts to do it."

Somewhat abashed, we trailed the Captain into the bar, where we learned at once that monkey chasers are gin and ice, with a little sugar and a trace of water. "That term 'monkey chaser' comes from Georgia," Cavanaugh told us, taking a long pull. "When it gets so hot that you see spots in front of your eyes, you say that monkeys are chasing you. Monkey chasers have been scientifically proved to be the only effective antidote to heat exhaustion." The Captain finished his monkey chaser and banged on the bar for a second, then went on to say that he has four complete sets of tropical rig, two khaki and two white. "Khaki for weekends, white for the office," he said. "These shorts are a bit longer than Bermudas, and I don't know where I'll get them duplicated when they wear out. I put them on whenever the weather prediction is for temperatures of at least eighty-eight degrees and no rain in sight. New York City law says that a man must be covered from the shoulders to halfway between hip and knee. That's good enough for me. What's holding back the rest of you? Where's all this individual enterprise I keep hearing about? The only time *I* take in sail is when I go with my wife to a cocktail party. Always have to change rigging then."

The Captain rolled dice with the bartender to see who would pay for the next round of drinks, then assured us that he wears his rig on the Long Island Railroad, to customers' offices, to shipping offices, to restaurants and bars, and, indeed, wherever he goes in city or country. A friend of the Captain's came up to the bar and spoke admiringly of his open shirt. The Captain grabbed the man by his coat lapels, bellowed his

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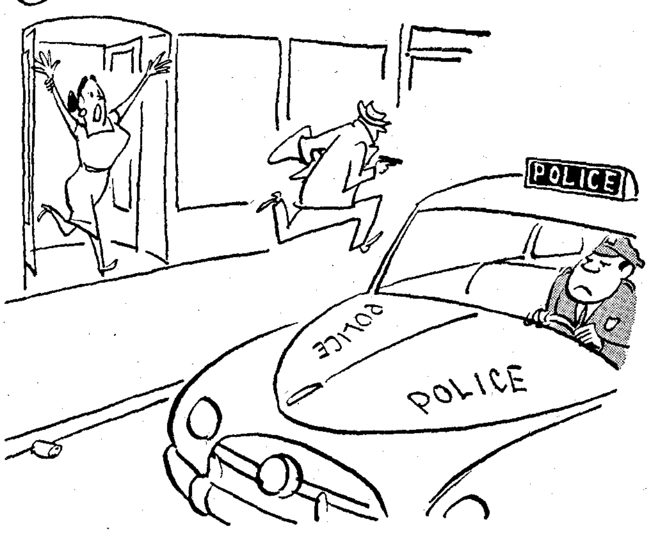

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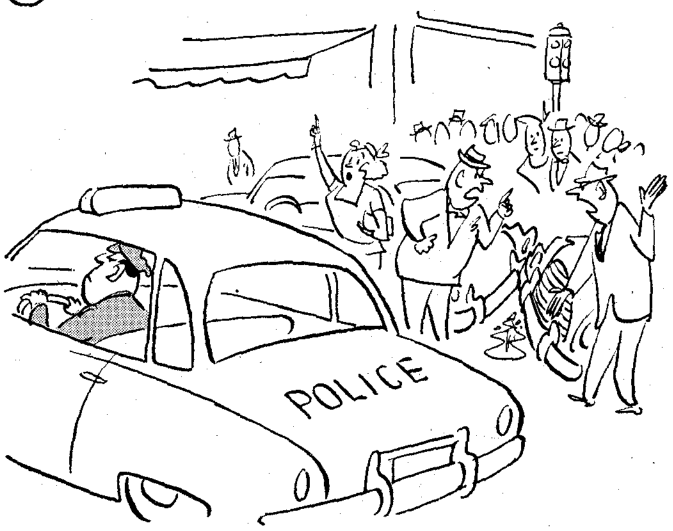


name, rocked him back and forth in his hands, and accused him of having on an overcoat. Foreseeing an extended lecture, we said goodbye to the Captain and slipped away. Our last view of him was a study in whites—all but his face, that is, which was beet red, and threatening to go purple.

Audience Reaction

PREDATORY animals raiding the corn patch of a Chappaqua farmer at night constituted a sore trial to him until he put a radio out in his garden, tuned it in to WNEW, the twenty-four-hour station, and turned it up loud. He hasn't lost a roasting ear since.

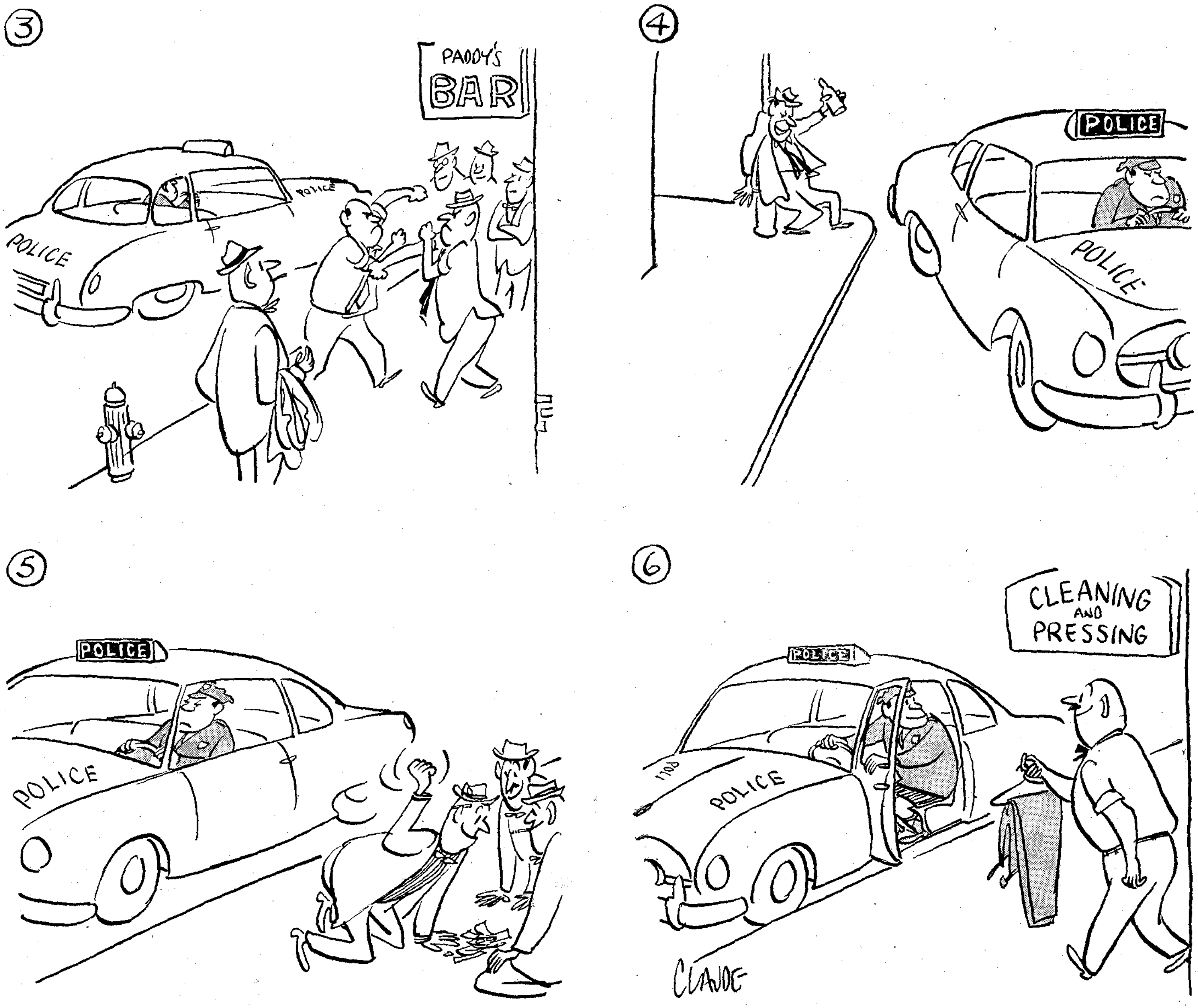
Few Athletes

A FRIEND of ours who is an ardent tennis fan rushed up to us the other day with a flash to the effect that Governor Stevenson is the first tennis player in history to be nominated for the Presidency by either of the major parties. Our friend was a bit miffed when we failed to be absolutely bowled over by this information, and to help assuage his feelings we volunteered to investigate the relationship, if any, between sports and recent Presidential nominees and Presidents. We have done so, and we found that our breathless friend was right: Stevenson is a tennis player and a pretty good one, and no other major-party candidate ever has been. (Stevenson is growing a trifle portly for tennis, which makes him just portly enough for politics. You can't have everything.) Henry Wallace, who ran for President on a *minor*-party ticket, was a tennis player for many years and later became a boomerang addict. His political opponents used to assert that he preferred the boomerang to tennis because of a humanitarian objection to hitting a ball so hard.

Franklin Roosevelt played tennis occasionally before he got polio, but golf and sailing were his favorite sports. At Groton, where he managed the baseball team, he was no great shakes as an athlete; nevertheless, he succeeded in setting a school record of seven feet three and a half inches in the singular sports event known as the high kick. John W. Davis, the Democratic candidate for President in 1924, played tennis in college but gave it up soon afterward in favor of golf. Our figures show that golf is the game favored by most public men, at least by the time they become public men. General Eisenhower, who plays a competent game of golf, is thus in the great tradition. He may or may not be alarmed to learn that in five of the last eight Presidential elections the losing candidate was a golfer; namely, Cox, Davis, Smith, and Dewey (twice). Dewey also plays softball. No softball player has ever become President. As golfers, none of those candidates except Cox was in Eisenhower's class. Cox, a keen woodsman and fisherman, liked to play golf with Bobby Jones. William Howard Taft, our first golf-playing President, was a familiar figure on the links at Murray Bay, in Quebec, where he spent his summers. Harding, the most recent golfer to occupy the White House, got in two or three rounds a week at the Chevy Chase Club. He usually scored in the high nineties, but this may have been due to the tight knickerbockers he wore.

Several Presidential candidates of the past fifty years took part in athletics in college. Theodore Roosevelt, a virtuoso of the punching bag, went out for the lightweight boxing championship at Harvard and was defeated. He kept up his interest in boxing, however, and liked to engage in friendly sparring matches even after he became President. He also took jujitsu lessons in the White House. Woodrow Wilson played shortstop on the baseball team at Davidson College, in North Carolina, and the captain of the team is said to have told him on one occasion, "Wilson, you'd make a dandy player if you weren't so damned lazy." What Wilson said to the captain is not recorded; maybe he felt that a man who could use "dandy" and "damned" in the same sentence wasn't worth answering. When Wilson transferred from Davidson to Princeton, he became president of the Athletic Committee and of the Baseball Association. Herbert Hoover recalls, in his memoirs, that while at Stanford "I was for a short time on the baseball team as shortstop, where I was not so good. . . . In time my colleagues decided I would make a better manager than shortstop." Hoover also managed the Stanford football team.

Our investigation shows that a total lack of interest in athletics is no bar to becoming a Presidential candidate or President. Bryan's only sport was oratory, Coolidge fished, Landon gave up his one sport, football, in high school, and Willkie, despite a remarkably robust physique, played no outdoor games at all. Because of bad eyesight, Truman has been unable to engage in most sports; instead, he became a fanatical walker. McKinley was also a walker, but a moderate one—once around the block was enough for him. Still, he appears to have enjoyed dancing, and a contemporary biographer wrote of him, "It is only on very rare occasions that McKinley dances, but



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fortunate is the young lady who secures him for a partner, as not only is he a veritable beau ideal in gallantry, but he is almost youthful in ease, lightness, and elasticity of step."

The Visitor

YOUNG couple in Cambridge who have been collecting modern black-and-white prints for several years arranged this summer, after a good deal of trouble, to have John McAndrew, director of the Wellesley College Art Museum, drive over and evaluate them. There was a heavy rainstorm on the appointed evening and they were afraid he wouldn't come, but he did, and when they opened the door, he was standing there dripping, and so was a shaggy, standard-size black poodle. The hostess let them both in, and the director introduced himself, whereas the poodle just shook himself, showering three rare British prints and two Swedish ones. In the living room, Mr. McAndrew had a highball, and the poodle sat beside him, eying him affectionately and making a wet smudge first on the carpet and then on the cream-colored sofa, when he leaned against that. They went upstairs to view the rest of the collection, and the poodle came along, stopping in the bathroom for a drink of water. "Shouldn't I get him a pan or something from the kitchen?" asked the hostess uncertainly. "Oh, he seems to be able to take care of himself," said the museum man, chuckling. "I suppose that's one of the advantages of being a big dog."

The poodle then wandered into the nursery and rubbed his head against a sleeping baby. The hostess gave her husband a this-has-gone-far-enough look, but the husband gave her a he-seems-to-like-the-collection look, so she merely guided the poodle out of the nursery and shut the door. Downstairs, Mr. McAndrew praised the collection warmly, asked permission to exhibit it this fall, and made arrangements for his new friends to visit him later on that week. It had stopped raining, and the husband walked him to his car, while the wife went to the kitchen to get some damp cloths. She found the poodle there, accepting tidbits from the cook. Just as Mr. McAndrew was about to drive off, she rushed out of the house, holding the poodle by the collar and screaming, "He's forgotten his dog!" The director looked at the young couple in a dazed way. "My dog?" he said mildly. "He was standing on your doorstep when I came up. I detest dogs." The poodle, while this was going on, nodded pleasantly to all three people and trotted on his way.

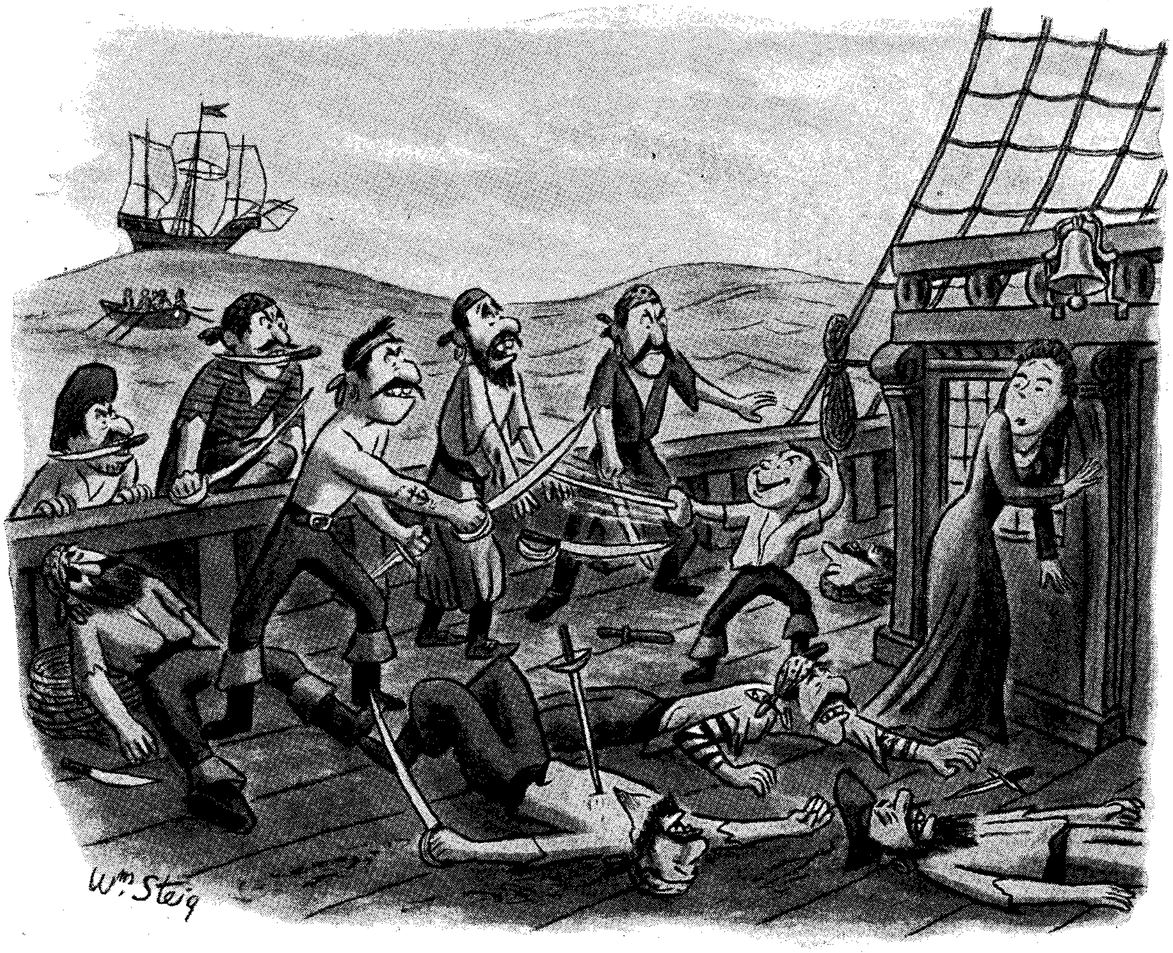
Baron's Business

ADVISED that a Mr. H. V. Munchhausen, listed in the telephone book as residing and working at 25

West Eighty-fifth Street, is an outstanding noise analyst and soundproofer, we called him up and were promptly invited to lunch with him at the Peach Tree Restaurant, at Eighty-seventh Street and Madison Avenue. "My outfit, the Munchhausen Soundproofing Company, worked here every night for six weeks in 1949, just after the place was opened, to reduce kitchen noises," he said, gazing around the establishment over his vichyssoise. "The occupants of an apartment directly over the kitchen were going out of their minds. By putting special mounts under the legs of heavy tables and insulation on the undersides of steam tables, and suspending other tables from the ceiling, we reduced the vibrations to a point where the objections ceased. Macy and the American Machine & Foundry Company have been clients, and I could name some of the Rockefellers, but they don't like to be named. We make soundproof doors and soundproof windows, and I've developed a partition we can build against any existing wall to produce silence—or relative silence. We've soundproofed veterinarians' offices, factories, recording studios, music schools, and churches. Take St. Paul's Lutheran Church, in the Bronx. It found that young couples with small children weren't coming to church because they couldn't afford sitters, so it decided to convert a room off the transept into a nursery school. This room was separated from the transept by stained-glass windows, which let the noise come through. We built a soundproof framework around the windows and placed soundproof windows of clear glass next to the stained glass. Or take the Baptist Ministers and Missionaries Benefit Board, on West Forty-fifth Street. The St. John Associates Offset Corporation is on the floor above, and its press drove the Baptists crazy. I put in a soundproof floor, and the Benefit Board benefited."

We asked Mr. Munchhausen, who has a German accent, whether he is related to the legendary Baron von Münchhausen, and he nodded. "I *am* Baron von Münchhausen," he said. "The eighteenth-century Baron, Karl Friedrich Hieronymus von Münchhausen, who had the habit of enlarging somewhat, was a collateral ancestor. My name is more of a joke in English-speaking countries than in Germany, where it is a joke, too."

The Baron, whose first name is Heyno, was born in 1900 in Germany, the son of a landowner and Army officer and an American mother. He was educated in Germany, France, and Belgium, and in 1914 and 1915, during the German occupation of Belgium, was an office boy for the Hoover Relief Commission in Brussels. He later served in the German Army, and after the war studied chemistry and physics at the Universities of Berlin and Göttingen. "I then decided to go into banking, in order to earn a living," he said, "and for a while worked in the Berlin and Paris offices of the Saint-Phalle firm. I was always interested in soundproofing, and in the early nineteen-thirties I did some machinery-silencing for the Addressograph and the Multigraph companies in England and Germany. Around 1936, because of my knowledge of French and English, I began to be called upon to act as an interpreter for various Nazi dignitaries. I was not in sympathy with them. I came here with my wife and baby daughter in 1939 on a business pretext, stayed, and went into the rock-wool, weather-stripping, and heating-installation business. As soon as I could, I limited my activities to soundproofing. I can protect a sensitive woman from any kind of street noise. I've insulated the addressing and accounting machinery in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. I can make any piano less offensive to the neighbors downstairs by placing special mounts under it. In some cases, my customers have even said that I made their pianos sound better. Do you know who my main customers for smaller jobs are? People who can't sleep and psychiatrists. Psychiatrists' offices have to be soundproofed, because if a patient in the waiting room hears another patient inside, he freezes



DREAMS OF GLORY

Captain Blood

when *he* gets inside. Tell me what school of psychiatry a doctor belongs to and I can tell you how many decibels he and his patients generate. The Wilhelm Reich boys are the loudest. They reach an easy ninety-five decibels, as against seventy to eighty for the Freudians and Jungians."

"How many decibels does a katydid generate?" we asked, for we had come in from the country that morning.

"Fifty-six or fifty-seven," said the Baron.

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SIGN in the window of an antique shop on Second Avenue, near Fifty-eighth Street: "Contemplating Trip to Europe Sale."

Orbital

FEELING that the world was too much with us, we went up to the Hayden Planetarium the other afternoon to have a look at a rocket ship designed, so we'd heard, to take us and other interested parties to the moon. As it turned out, the ship wasn't actually a lunar cannon ball but a thirteen-and-a-half-foot model of a three-stage rocket that could be put into service right now, if the government could see its way clear to coughing up four billion dollars to get it gassed and oiled. Also, even if the rocket were built, it couldn't go all the way to the moon but only far enough to reach an "orbital station," assembled in space. This particular model, conceived by Dr. Wernher von Braun, a German rocket man whose previous endeavors made life difficult for the English, and built by Walter Favreau, chief Planetarium artist, has been scaled down to one-twentieth the size of the rocket Dr. von Braun had in mind, and has no moving parts. You can get some idea of the workings of space ships from it, however. Anybody taking a trip with Dr. von Braun will be propelled by hydrazine, nitric acid, and hydrogen peroxide, and hunks of the machine will be shucked off periodically. When you are 24.9 miles above the earth, the bottom third will disappear; at 39.8 miles, the middle will vanish; and at 63.3 miles, you will start your free flight, tooling along at 18,468 miles an hour. At this point, all hands will prepare the ship to land on the orbital station, where it will bring itself to a halt by means of jets.

Having gathered this much from the placards around the model—which looks, incidentally, a lot like the space ships you may have come across in comic books—we figured we'd better solicit some information from one of the Planetarium staff. We were directed to Frank H. Forrester, who asked us to wait a couple of minutes while he transacted a bit of astronomical business. While he got on with his duties, we dipped into a magazine we found in the foyer of his office. It was called *Journal of the British Interplanetary Society*, and we went at it avidly. We were doing all right with an article called "Interstellar Flight" when we came upon "If the nuclear energy is converted into exhaust stream energy with an efficiency η, then for each mass m_p of propellant material ejected into the propellant stream a mass m_f of fuel must be burnt where, with v_e in km./sec.,

$$\frac{m_f}{m_f + m_p} = \frac{1}{2\alpha\eta}\left(\frac{v_e}{3 \times 10^5}\right)^2 \ldots\text{''}$$

This ended our browsing, and we were glad when Mr. Forrester came bustling along with some letters about travelling into space, which the Planetarium receives off and on. "I am want the first Cuban citizen that flied to the moon," one of them read. "I surprise that soon we can flyn to the moon. This year is very near of the realy of the life. Sankou."

"About this rocket," we said.

"A cargo rocket could maintain communication with an orbital station beyond the earthly pull," said Mr. Forrester, "which would contribute to the observation of celestial bodies. No turbid ocean of air beyond the earth's atmospheric envelope, you know, and hence no distortion. I presume they'll have to have an ejector in the landing area from which to toss moon ships. This rocket would, if it ever were constructed, be twenty-four stories high and weigh seven thousand tons. You might think that the fuel problem might bother rocket people, but they're completely certain that with the chemical mixes now available they can get into outer space. Of course, the expense of the program would be considerable."

We thanked Mr. Forrester, and moved into the Planetarium proper, where a non-stop trip to the moon (no stopovers at any orbital stations) was about to take place. A jolly lecturer was discussing the trip before an audience consisting mostly of youngsters. The dome of the Planetarium was shadowed to make it look like the nose of a space ship, and once the lecturer had announced that our flight had been cleared by the Pentagon, a light beamed down on a couple of gentlemen who had been hidden in a recess halfway to the top of the auditorium. They were dressed like fliers and seemed to be in some sort of cockpit. The moon hung above us to the left, looking like a diseased orange. After engaging in the usual mumbo jumbo that accompanies the takeoff of an aircraft, the pilots soon had us airborne, and we went off to the moon with a fearsome buzz. The landing was accomplished with a sudden glare of red light, and we were so scared we stepped outside to get a grip on our nerves.

"Sure playing hell with the paraphernalia in there today, eh?" a guard said.

We agreed.

When we went back in, a recording of a purported broadcast was on—a conversation between John Gambling III, on the moon, and Arthur Godfrey, on earth. From there on in, outer space seemed remarkably like inner space.

Routine

ONE of our legal advisers tells us he recently had occasion to telephone a fellow-member of the bar on a matter that seemed, at the time, fairly urgent. He called the lawyer at ten-thirty in the morning, and was told by his secretary that he hadn't come in yet but would be in shortly, and she would have him return the call. At three-fifteen in the afternoon, the call not having been returned, our lawyer telephoned the secretary again, and was told that the man he wanted to speak to had left for the day. Cross-examining her further, he asked why his call hadn't been returned. The secretary was reluctant, but she finally said, "Well, you see, that's our routine." Our man was relentless. "And what do you mean by that?" he inquired. "Well," blurted the secretary, "our routine is that when he hasn't come in by twelve-thirty, we say he's out to lunch, and when he hasn't come in by three, we say he's left for the day." Our man thanked her warmly, established the routine with *his* secretary, was out of the office by three-thirty, and didn't go back to it for two days.

THE NEED

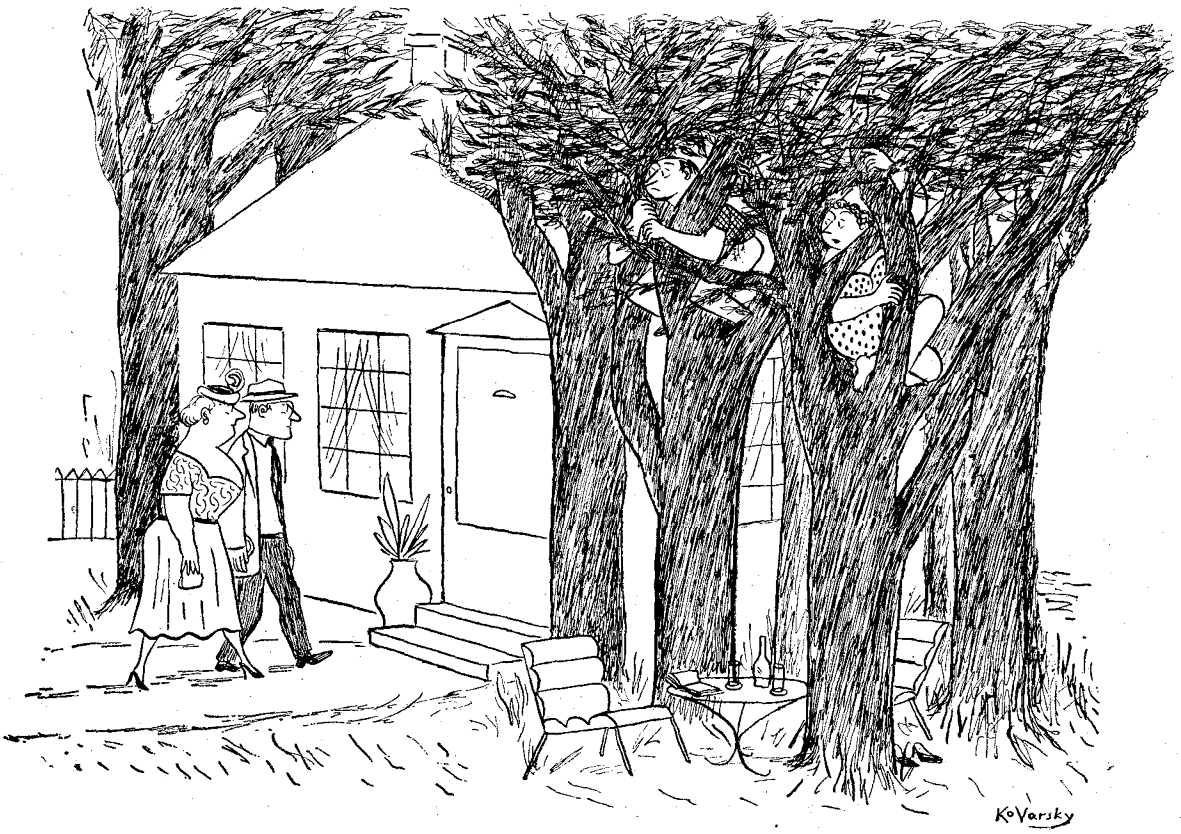
WHY does one remember some things so much more clearly than others—one small incident, say, standing out sharp and clear and forever immobilized in the wastes of the past, as if a spotlight struck down on it—and why are so many of them, in my own case at least, vaguely mournful or even a bit shameful in their connotation? That's not the whole truth, of course; I have my pleasanter moments to look back on, too, and many of them. But these have, as it were, a general glow that can even reach over and enliven the present, and as they are more diffuse, they are also less vivid in recollection. The sad ones, though—where one did wrong, or failed to rise to meet a situation, or met it awkwardly or ineffectually—these have something frozen and unapproachable about them. One looks back at them, so to speak, as if across a gulf, the gulf of the immutable, the fixed and forever irreparable.

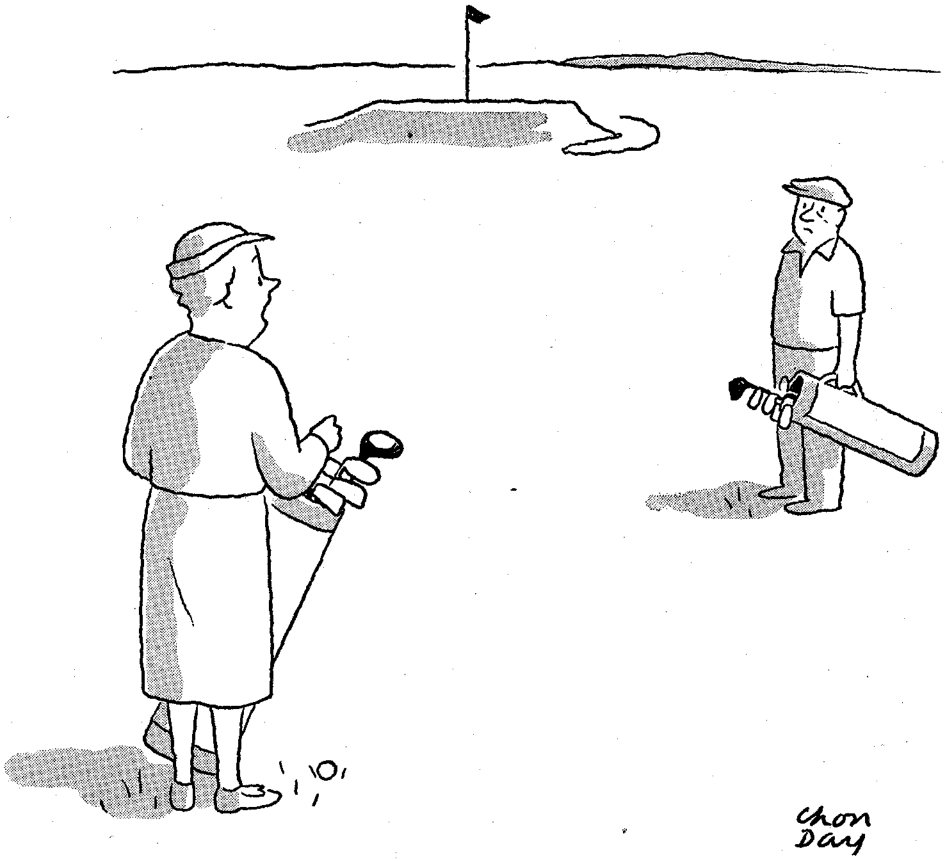
I can still see, for instance, the trees in the summer dusk along Lake Avenue in Rochester and sense that special *place* atmosphere that always goes with my recollections of Rochester in the years that I lived there—of crisp northern New York State air, cool light, and a feeling of roominess and calm about everything—on that night when I stopped to pick up Freddie Bassett for a ride to Maplewood Park, with a couple of girls we knew, to hear the weekly band concert. I was about seventeen then, in high school, and Freddie was my best friend. He was a tall, dark-haired boy, very quiet and shy, with a long, thin face and a loose-limbed, lanky body; he was moody at times, but he played a good game of tennis and he liked to take long walks, as I did, and we got along well together. I had managed to borrow the family car for the excursion, and as the girls lived nearer to me, I had picked them up first; they were both crowded in with me in the front seat of our old Paige touring car when—with something of a flourish, I suppose—I pulled in to the curb at the corner where Freddie had said he would meet us.

He was waiting there, unexpectedly spick-and-span in a neat straw hat, a blue coat, and a brand-clean pair of white flannel trousers, and—I don't know why—I felt cocky, I suppose, at having the car and exhilarated by the presence of the girls packed in beside me; perhaps, too, there were hidden jealousies involved, for Freddie was handsome in his thin, dark way, and despite his shyness the girls all liked him. At any rate, with a quick spurt of malice that surprised even me, I cried out, as I braked the car to a stop beside him, "Oh, my Lord! Look at little Freddie Bassett in his ice-cream pants!" And I added, though by now I was trying to save the situation, foolishly, by just talking through it, "What's the matter? Did your mother make you wear them?"

It was brash, it was schoolboyish, it was ungrown-up, but, even more than that, I still cringe a little, when I think of it, at the sudden look—startled, puzzled, and hurt—that Freddie gave me. No great harm was done, of course. I did spoil his evening. In those innocent, simple days, thirty years or so ago in Rochester, the park concerts were one of the townsfolk's main amusements, and a kind of gathering place for the neighborhood youngsters as well. People drove there, parking their cars in concentric rings around the bandstand, itself set in the center of a wide, slightly basin-shaped glade, and then, while the band played (Odenbach's Military Band, it was called, I remember), and moths swooped and fluttered about the brightly lit stand, and the trees sighed now and then as a breeze stirred them, people walked about, visiting from car to car, or, just strolling, circled the ring in a kind of slow promenade.

It was, in a gentle, half-bucolic, benign way, fun. And always, if a fellow was venturesome, or his girl was, there were the darker reaches of the park beyond for more intimate exploration. I think Freddie and I had had some hopeful notions in that direction when we were planning the evening. These were quashed, though, at the outset, by my remark; it had cut the ground from under him, it had robbed him of confidence, and it was difficult to get him out of the car for the ritual promenade. But I realize now that as I go on, I am robbing the incident of its value. For it was not what happened afterward that mattered. (As I've said, nothing, really, happened. No great chain of events, pernicious or otherwise, was set in motion—no career changed, no romance helped or hindered.) It was the incident itself: the hasty, ill-considered remark—somehow charged with more jealousy, spitefulness, animosity than one had intended, and so, even to oneself, perhaps most of all to oneself, revelatory—and then





"Is that the big one with the knob, or one of the little scoops?"

* * *

the blank, hurt look, the slow flush, and the feeling of guilt, of betrayal.

The feeling, somehow, that harm has been done, but to a relationship rather than to a person, and so vague and intangible that by its very nature it can never be rectified. Walter Redinger, walking toward me down Forty-eighth Street and eying me tentatively, obviously waiting for me to greet him. That was soon after I got out of college, and Redinger, a plump, ruddy-faced man with an uneasy air of heartiness, had been fired abruptly, a short time before, from the small advertising agency where I was working—for, as far as I could make out, no other reason than that he'd in some way annoyed the head of his department. And though I'd never quite liked him, I had nothing against him, either; in fact, I had rather sympathized, for there'd been something a bit brutal about the abruptness of his dismissal, and I had said so so openly that some others had cautioned me: I might get into trouble myself, they'd said.

Yet as he approached, I felt a certain resentment rise up in me. It may be that in some queer, perverse way I felt that my support of him in the abstract in the office had absolved me from further involvement with him personally. It may be simply that with the panic intransigence of youth I just didn't want to be associated with failure—and certainly Redinger at that moment, with his rumpled brown suit and hesitant gaze (with, already, somehow, the dreary aura of the jobless about him), looked definitely a failure. At any rate, I removed my eyes quickly from his; I put on an air of preoccupation and hurry; I closed my mind to his presence (or I tried to) and walked past without speaking.

To be sure, there was almost the width of the sidewalk between us, and some traffic of people as well; I *might* not have seen him. But I'm sure he felt that I had, and was already classifying me with the people who were beginning to avoid him, for from the corner of my eye I saw his face stiffen and flush as he passed by me.

CERTAINLY, in the case of the little man up in New Hampshire I truly didn't, until it was too late to do anything about it, see his hand. That was only a couple of years ago, when I was driving up through the White Mountains, and he ran a small roadside service station where I stopped to get gas and oil and, eventually, a gallon of maple syrup from a supply he had on display in his window. Except that he was a little short for the role, he was, to the eye, as true a New Englander as one could ask for—thin and stringily built, with a loose-muscled, quizzical face and a long, limber nose—but it turned out, as we talked, that he came from Long Island, not far from where I lived at the time. And so we talked about Long Island, its advantages and its disadvantages, and in the end, as I was preparing to go, he held out his hand.

I have said that I didn't see him do it, but in some corner of my perception I must have, for I can still remember his gesture—the shoulders squared a little, the head thrown back slightly as the eyes sought mine, the whole body beginning to arrange itself, a bit self-consciously, in the posture of formal leave-taking. But I had my wallet in one hand by that time, and a couple of bills, just extracted, in the other, and besides I was beginning to get bored with the interlude; it was time for me to be getting on.

As his hand came forward for me to grasp it, I put the bills in it instead. I might have explained, of course. I might have juggled wallet and bills together and managed to meet his gesture; I might have saved the situation—as I might have done, too, years earlier, turning in the instant after Walter Redinger had passed, if I had obeyed my impulse to call after him, stop him, say hello to him. But I didn't. At the moment, it just didn't seem worth while.

WITH Mr. Shubin, unfortunately, it turned out that there was no real chance for an explanation. That was when my family, in one of its wilder peregrinations, was living in Victor, Colorado, in the Cripple Creek mining district, and Mr. Shubin, a tall, heavy-set, rather bearlike man, a Russian, with a long, drooping, melancholy black mustache and a round, gentle face, was one of the town's assayers; that is, one of the men equipped to test the mineral content of a piece of ore, and so tell a mineowner or a prospector its value. I was a small boy then, newly come from the East while my father had a more or less unprofitable fling at gold mining. Even to my young and somewhat uncritical eyes, Mr. Shubin seemed out of place in his surroundings. But then, as I look back on it now, the town differed in a good many ways from the gold camps of fiction and the movies.

It did, though, have most of the attributes: the false-fronted stores, the board sidewalks raised high above the muddy, uneven streets, the log cabins and makeshift frame houses, the donkeys everywhere, the men on horseback. A good many of the men carried revolvers, though most of these wore them discreetly under their coats. (I still remember my mother's surprise when, as newcomers, we were invited to a picnic out on Squaw Mountain, and after the lunch was over, the men in the party—sober, well-regarded citizens, all—unconcernedly took out guns and started shooting at tin cans they'd set up as targets.) Saturdays, when the cowboys rode in—for the district, one of the very few where the ground was as fertile as it was rich in minerals, raised a good deal of cattle in the valleys nearby—prudent people stayed home, and left the center of town to the brawlings and occasional shootings that resulted.

Always, too, to remind us of our remoteness, there were the big, bare hills roundabout—treeless, tawny with rock outcroppings, scarred with mine dumps and terraced with gaunt mine buildings—and surrounded, themselves, by still mightier hills: seen sometimes, distant, snowy, austere, through a gap or from a high road but, seen or not, always there and known to be there, range on tumbled range of them, like a rocky and almost impenetrable barrier between us and our strange life *here* and the life in what almost everyone called "back home."

For there were very few native Coloradans in the camp, and the place (and this is the part that the movies don't mention) had its queer, shifting cosmopolitan flavor, too. Working miners had come from as far away as Sweden and Wales to get in on the bonanza, while a good many of the brawny youngsters one saw mucking out ore in the mines were fellows fresh out of Eastern colleges, who had come West to see the world as some of their classmates may have gone to Paris. English lecturers, Polish pianists, and Italian singers drifted through, and were entertained earnestly and lavishly by the ladies of the community. Some stayed. There was a former ballerina known as Miss LaFère, I remember—a tall, wandlike, sharp-faced woman who always carried a parasol when she walked out, and possessed what was probably the only poodle west of Chicago, who had come to give a recital and remained to open a dancing school, and there was a squat, bushy-haired, excitable violinist—come, too, originally for a performance—who stayed on to teach music desultorily and dabble impetuously in mining stocks.

UNDER YONDER BEECH TREE

The weeping beech tree forms a leafy cave
Cool as the hollow in a breaking wave;
There in a hammock made of woven mesh
Mrs. Moran lays down her weary flesh.
The summer murmur, resonant and deep,
Vies with the shadows in persuading sleep.
Her pretty hands, her face as delicate
As shell, her feet too dainty for her weight,
All, frail as Dresden, seem not quite designed
With Mrs. M.'s anatomy in mind.
While appetite quells vanity, she dreams
Not of a lover but of chocolate creams.

One word might yet arouse her sense of duty
To trim the expanding pedestal of beauty,
But let it go unsaid. On sun-drenched days
The ghost of Gauguin or Gaston Lachaise
Might find in such heaped indolence of mood
A masterpiece of tropic amplitude.
Beauty is in the eye of the beholder:
Though she accumulates below the shoulder,
Mrs. Moran, a-sway in massive calm,
Suggests Tahiti and the coco palm,
Full summer ease in one exotic touch
Amid a world that diets overmuch.

—Robert Hillyer

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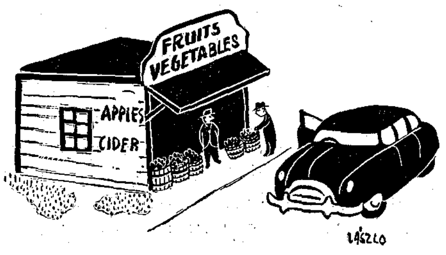
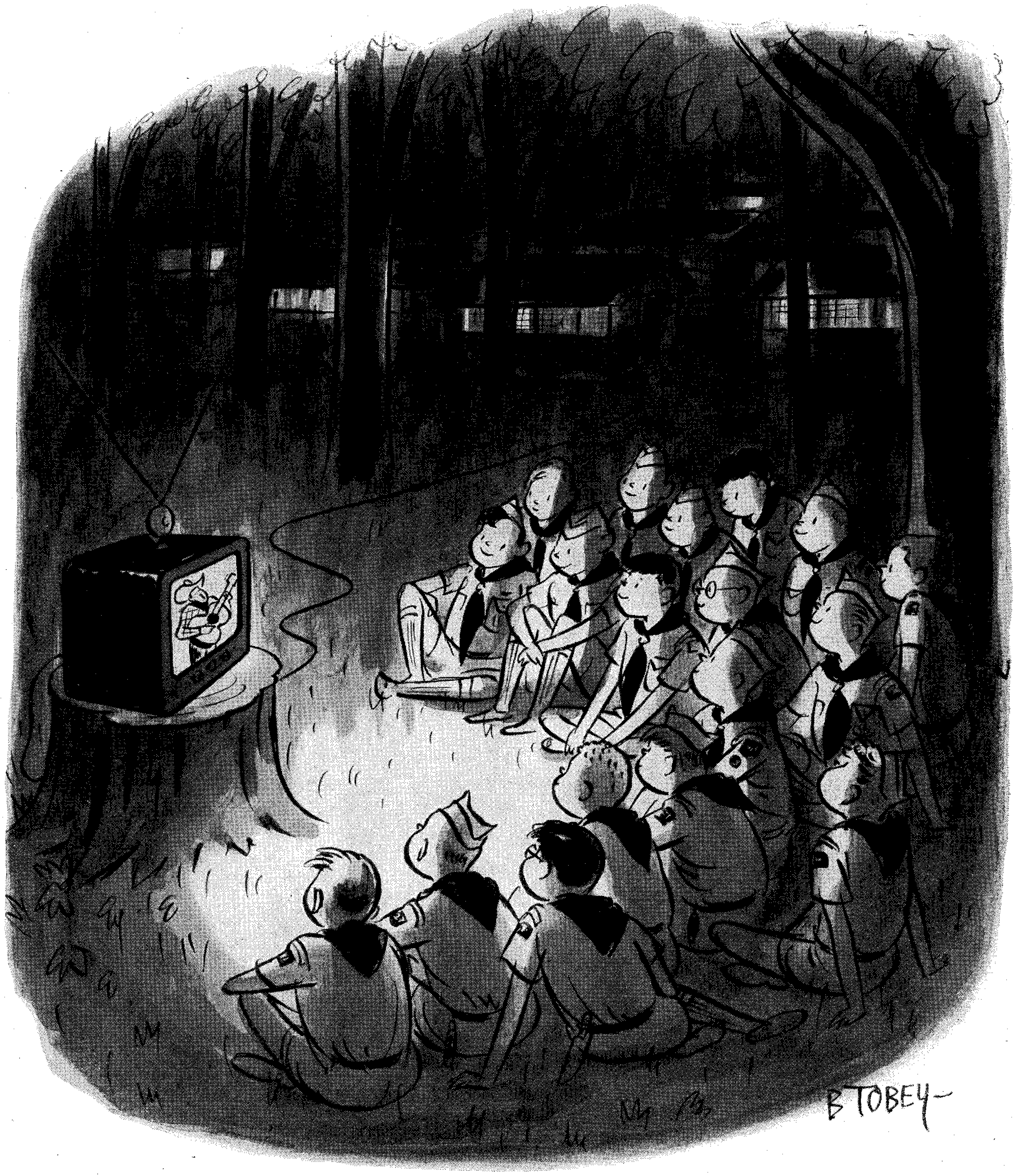
Mr. Shubin was one of the émigrés; no one knew much about his background, but he was obviously a man of some culture. He was a goldsmith, too, and though I was in no position as a child to appraise his work, I know that my parents admired it, and I remember some handsomely filigreed ornaments, fashioned in the elaborate Russian style, that he had on display in his window. His shop was only a block or two up the street from where we lived, on South Third Street, and I used to see him often; he walked heavily, with a ponderous, swaying gait that was, again, rather bearlike, and I imagine that the altitude of the place must have bothered him a little (we were at close to ten thousand feet), for he would halt every now and then and gaze around with his shy, gentle smile while he took a breather. And since he did the assaying for a small mine my father had taken over, I was brought to his shop fairly often. I remember the dim, rather untidy interior, with its clutter of jewellers' scales, racks of chemicals and other equipment, the big brick kiln at the rear of the place, and the small, cup-shaped crucibles, which he thrust in, cold, with a pair of long-handled iron pincers, and which came out fire-red and incandescent, so hot that the bits of crushed ore he had filled them with had turned molten—with sometimes, excitingly even to me, tiny droplets of pure gold bubbling on the surface. Mr. Shubin would beam, delighting in my surprise at what was to him a familiar phenomenon. And once, I remember, he picked up a piece of gold wire and, with a few quick twists of his big, clumsy-looking hands and a touch or two of the hammer, shaped it into a ring for me, which I lost, unfortunately, soon after.



I remember, too, the night when I betrayed him. That was Halloween, my first one in the camp, and I was out—masked, of course—with a few other boys from the neighborhood. Again, no great harm was done. We stretched a cord, ankle-high, across his doorway, and I called to him ("You call him," the other kids said; at the moment, I was only flattered that I, a new boy in the crowd, should be asked to take the lead. "He'll come out for you," they said), and he came out, and tripped, and fell, and sprained his wrist. And when he called to me to come and help him, I ran away.

He wasn't badly hurt, of course. All



the others had made off immediately, but I stayed, and I can still remember the scene: the line of cottages and stores slanting off down the steep mountain street, the lit shop with its gaping door, and in front of it the sprawled-out figure, lying motionless for a moment—not from hurt as much as from bewilderment and surprise—and then twisting around awkwardly and preparing to rise. It was his voice that released me. I'd stayed mainly because I was too fascinated to run. But I'd been held there, too, for another reason—the queer, dubious bond between the instigator and his victim—and, like a fainthearted David confronting his Goliath, I waited, half frightened and half defiant, until he'd got his hands and knees under him. Then he looked at me.

I doubt now if, disguised as I was, he even knew me. But as his eyes sought out mine through the dusk, I had no way of knowing. "Come here, boy. Help me up," he said, and—I don't know why, except that guilt had suddenly overtaken me—at the sound of his voice I turned and ran.

This time, there was an aftermath. A few days later, climbing down the ladder of a prospector's shaft to inspect a mine, he fell—fortunately, near the bottom—and though he wasn't actually hurt, he was shaken up considerably, and a week or two after that, rather suddenly, he closed up his shop and left the camp forever. I knew then, I think, that there was no connection. When I'd run away that night, of course, it had turned him, in my eyes at least, into an enemy, and after that (I suppose, much to his surprise) I had carefully avoided him, darting hastily aside, as if intent on some game, when I encountered him on the street, and taking roundabout ways home from school so as not to go past his shop. But I knew even then, or I must have, that a man's life is far too complex in all its motivations to be much disturbed by so trivial an incident as a child's prank on Halloween, and a good deal of my elaborate avoidance of him was merely a ritual—like a game, slightly spiced with guilt, of hide-and-seek. And yet (I was at the age when I worried about everything: about God and whether or not I believed in Him, about life, and particularly about the strange world of adulthood that I felt myself growing into) I couldn't help wondering. It's not only the last straw that counts; the one before and the one before that are part of the burden, too, and whatever the man's final reason might have been for going (people said it was simply the altitude), I still wondered if somehow I hadn't contributed to his decision.

Oddly, though, it was not till he'd gone—children's minds work in such strange ways—and not, indeed, till one special day after that, when I passed his shop on my way home after school, that I actually missed him. His shop was vacant still at that time (a few months later a young man from the Colorado School of Mines, a young graduate as crisp and up-to-date as Mr. Shubin had been old-fashioned and easy-going, moved in and took over), and as I passed, a sudden impulse made me stop and peer in at the window.

For a moment, the place looked as if he had never gone. Like a good many other people quitting the camp in those days, he had left all his heavier equipment behind—his desk, his safe, the bench where he made his jewelry, the kiln, of course, and the pincers and trays of crucibles that went with it. I knew why he had done it, too, for the cost of moving such things down the mountains was often greater than they were worth, and throughout the district one found cottages and cabins, long abandoned, that were still fully furnished—even, sometimes, elaborately—as their last occupants had left them. Yet in spite of all this, as I stood there, the presence of his familiar belongings seemed somehow almost inexpressibly sad to me. It was as if until then I hadn't really realized he had gone, that he had in fact gone forever, and it was not till years later, in a sudden moment of reminiscence, that I understood why I felt his absence so poignantly.

It was because, in a way that I then only dimly comprehended, Mr. Shubin had needed me. He had been kind to me, to be sure. But that wasn't the whole of it. Other men in the camp—Mr. Whalley, of Whalley & Grant, the mine-supplies store; Mr. Perry, the grocer; many others, in fact—had been kind to me. Mr. Shubin, though, had been kind in a different way. He had been kind—and it was this that it took me some years to understand—as if he'd needed my kindness, too. I was a lost boy, there in the camp, in many ways. I was the "new boy," wearing knee pants instead of overalls, and still forced to conform to an Eastern discipline that set me at a disadvantage with the other, freer fellows. And I realized suddenly that Mr. Shubin had been, in his own way, lost there, too, and though neither of us, I think, had known it fully, this had made a sort of shy, tentative bond between us. When he had waved to me from his window as I passed the shop, it had been, in a sense, as one exile to another, and though he had smiled at my excitement as he pulled his ore samples out of the kiln, there had been no condescension in his attitude. He had done it companionably—as a mirroring, so to speak, of his own more professional interest in the qualities of the strange metal, gold.

Even though he hadn't actually known it, Mr. Shubin had needed me, as, in different ways, Freddie Bassett had needed a word of assurance, or the man at the filling station some gesture of comradeship, to make him feel that all ties with his past hadn't been dissevered, and the extent of the need in each case had been the extent of my failure. We got a postcard from Mr. Shubin a few months after he had gone. Sent from Denver, it had a picture of the Tabor Grand Opera House, with a rather incongruous inset of a prospector and his burro in one corner; and the message, set down in a sprawled, foreign-looking script, said merely that he was well, and hoped that we were well, too.

Later on, we—or, rather, my parents—heard that he had opened a jewelry store in Ute Springs, a small town with a sulphur spring handy, in the mountains west of Denver, that was then being promoted energetically as a health resort. But there were many such—Glenwood Springs, Colorado Springs, Steamboat Springs, and the rest of them—and some prospered, some failed. Ute Springs failed, and after that, I suppose, he moved on again. We lost sight of him.

OR the little man hefting his bags down the aisle ahead of me on the train coming into Grand Central the other day, and then, when he had got them out onto the vestibule, turning, smiling, and glancing at me. He was a small, thin-faced, brown-eyed man, in a brown checked suit and a gray snap-brim hat. "Well!" he said. There was no preamble. "This is gonna be a big day for me, all right!"

But I had my own affairs to worry about, and by this time the train was gliding in to the platform. "Yes?" I said—I'm afraid, abstractedly—and I saw his face go suddenly blunt and affronted.

"Yes," he said.

Then the train stopped; the brakeman came through, and the vestibule doors were opened. "Redcap! Redcap!" the porters on the platform began calling, and in the crush getting out I lost sight of my— What shall I call him? Friend?

And, of course, you can't worry about everything. But I still wonder where he was going that day, and what has become of him.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Villager*]

After viewing the galleries, tourists are taken out on the terrace where they can see a cross-section of Village gardens. This is so that the visitors will carry back to their native towns not only the mistaken impression that Greenwich Village is "Bohemian" but that it is a neighborhood community as well, says Mrs. Demianoff.

THE LOSS OF A HERO

THERE is a drawn-out excitement in the long-continued fast travel of a pack train, even though the rate at which it moves is still far slower than that which unencumbered horsemen would maintain. For Pino Baca, sixteen years old, riding at the head of what he allowed himself to think of as his outfit, this excitement was heightened by the sense of command and responsibility, and by a difference between this trip and any other he had made.

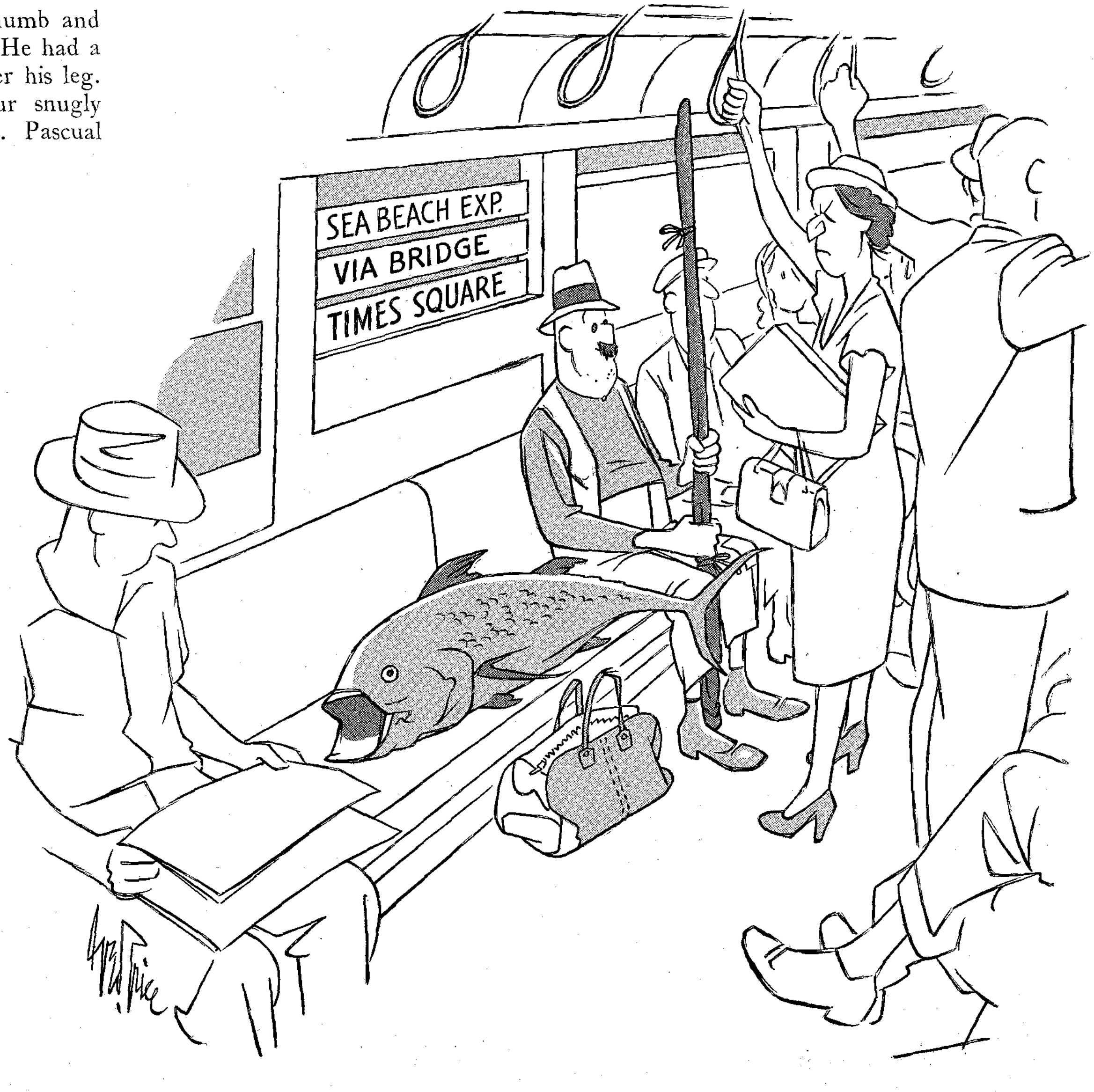
On his gray horse, he led the way through the signless uniformity of a wide aspen grove, holding a steady fox trot, as the pack train had been doing almost continuously for the past three hours. He wore a gray Stetson, a wine-red shirt of fine flannel set off by a blue silk scarf, Levis, hand-stitched boots, and spurs. He rode standing in the stirrups, his weight thrown forward and resting on his hands, which were crossed over the horse's neck just in front of the saddle, with the reins passing over his left thumb and under the palm of his hand. He had a light rifle in a scabbard under his leg.

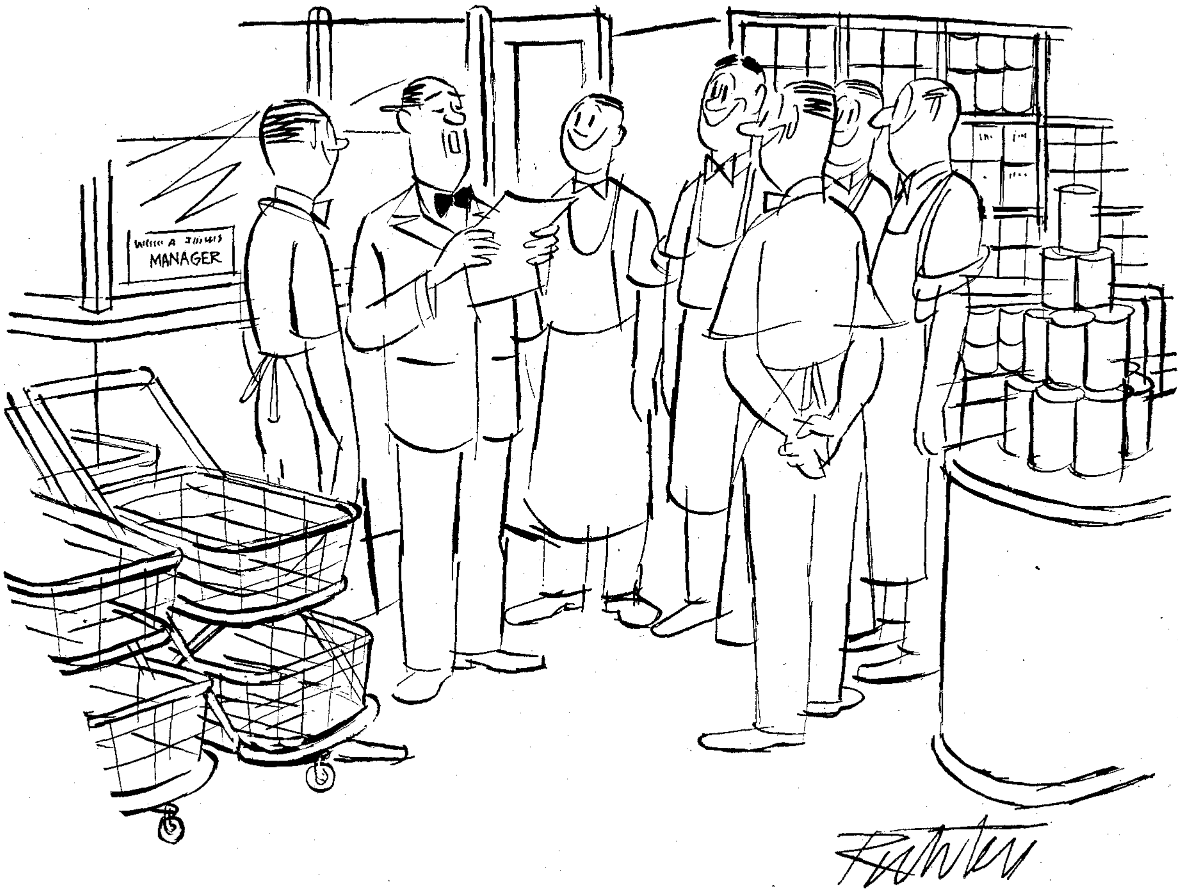
Behind him followed four snugly packed, neat-stepping mules. Pascual Orozco rode at the rear, keeping the mules to their pace with the threat, and occasionally the sting, of the end of his lariat. In theory, he was Pino's helper, but Pino knew perfectly well that his own command of the outfit, at least so long as it was in motion, was a polite fiction. Don José Baca, Pino's father, had made a practice, ever since the boy was twelve years old, of putting him in charge of this or that detail and holding him responsible for the results. This time, Pino had been put in charge of a mission to rush supplies to one of his father's sheep camps, and the expedition was unusual in more than the element of haste.

The camp was not in Don José's usual summer range, which sprawled over the central portion of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, in northern New Mexico, but on a tract he had leased along Cow Creek, farther west, on the slopes leading to the Pecos River. There he was holding a couple of thousand sheep for which, in a dry year, he lacked room elsewhere. A main ridge of the mountains separated the home ranch, at Rociada, from the camp. The herders there had sent word that they would be out of grub by evening. Señor Juan, the Bacas' *mayordomo*, as a rule so efficient, had slipped up.

The usual way of going, by a roundabout, rough trail, made this trip at best a long, slow day's ride for a pack train. It was nearly noon when word of the difficulty reached Rociada. Don José calculated that if he did not get supplies of some sort to Cow Creek before the sun went down—and this was not possible by the known trails—the men would be saddling up and riding down toward Pecos to get themselves fed by friends and relatives, leaving the flock untended, at the mercy of wild animals and the innate idiocy of sheep. So he called in Pascual Orozco, the local horse thief.

Before telling about what happened on this ride, I must describe Pascual. I attempt this with some hesitation. Pino, who is now my brother-in-law, has told me about him at length, and I have discussed him with my mother-in-law, Doña Marguerite; with my wife, Pino's sister; and with other members of the Baca family. Their descriptions tally; there is no question of the facts, and I will not alter them merely to insure belief. The trouble is that Pascual at the height of his career, before he tainted the antique purity of horse-thieving with the mechanized commerce of bootlegging, sounds like something out of pulp fiction. He was tall. His dark hair had coppery glints in it, and the Western-style mustache that framed his firm, cruel mouth was definitely red. His eyes were black, and when he was angry, they seemed to be armed. His skin was dark from years and years of sun and wind—not from any apparent Indian inheritance. He





"'You are hereby directed to instruct all personnel of your branch that for the time being the cheery smile is to be replaced by a look of grave sympathy.'"

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was aquiline, and handsome. He affected black clothing of considerable elegance, partly for dramatic effect and partly because it was a good color for his night operations.

Pascual could have been a prosperous local citizen. Leaving aside the Bacas, who reckoned their land by the square mile rather than by the acre, he was one of the large landowners of the district, with a hundred and fifty acres, much of it under ditch. Farming did not interest him; he left that to his two younger brothers—peaceable family men of a temperament to walk behind a plow. Horses were what he cared for and horses he dealt in, in his own special fashion.

As a usual thing, he dropped down into the lowlands south of Las Vegas to pick out a string, which he would run up into the mountains to hidden, narrow-mouthed valleys known only to him. In due course, their brands being expertly altered, he would take the string north through Colorado, and on through the defiles and hidden places of the Rockies, until he reached Wyoming, where he sold the horses off. After an interlude of high life at Cheyenne, Laramie, or Denver, he would work his way south, picking up another string as he came along, for sale in central New Mexico. Thus he maintained the balance of trade. Other men lifted horses in that country at that time, but from Trinidad to Pecos, from Taos to Wagon Mound, those who knew about this subject considered Pascual in a class by himself. In his home territory of Rociada, he was *the* horse thief, and no one dreamed of competing with him.

This day, he was riding his Apalousian, a horse he had purchased in open trade; he could always show clear title to any animal he kept in his own pasture. The horse stood a shade over fifteen hands, moved beautifully, and was, as is common with that breed, a roan with a dramatic, irregular white splotch covering most of its hindquarters. Pascual was wearing an expensive black Stetson, a black-and-white checked flannel shirt, black boots stitched with red and green, and iron pants. Iron pants are of fine, hard wool, cut snug in the seat and upper leg for riding. From a little distance, the material suggests that of cutaway trousers, but the paired white pin stripes are a trifle more pronounced against the black background. This sober ensemble was relieved by a maroon silk scarf, and by Pascual's hardware.

His spurs were large-rowelled, silver-mounted, made in Mexico. At his waist he wore a cartridge belt, from which his revolver hung in its holster. The cartridge belt was ordinary, decorative only in the gleam of brass shell ends in the loops. His holster, made to order in Mexico, was embroidered with the Mexican eagle. The gun in it was a Colts .45 with an eleven-inch barrel and a mother-of-pearl handle. In the handle was set a small but genuine diamond.

AS the outfit flowed along between the aspens, Pascual called to the boy in the lead, in Spanish, "Eye peeled for an aspen where there is '*Yo amo a Anita*' carved inside a heart. At the right. There, take the right."

Pino watched, saw the inscription made by some lonesome sheepherder, and turned. Pascual called, "Seest thou the deer run? Take it to the left."

For an instant, Pino was afraid he wouldn't see the run; then his eye caught the difference between it and dozens of almost identical aisles, and he followed it.

It had been like that all along. Pino, from a whole boyhood of ranging the mountains, knew the trails and the dim trails. He knew three feasible ways of reaching Cow Creek from Rociada. But Pascual knew the routes without trails. He knew how the naturally open swales and *cañadas* ran. He knew the hidden breaks in the cliffs, and how one could reach the saddles in the high ridges that were supposed to be inaccessible. He knew where a short scramble up a rock-slide led to a cleft that cut off miles. He was master of the open going between the tall stems of the evergreen forests, and where other men, out of sight of the sun, would go off course little by little until they became lost, he had a thousand insignificant landmarks by which he found his way. Pino knew how to make good time, but Pascual held his own horse and the mules before him to a steady speed that gave the boy a sense of breathless, remorseless hurry.

From the moment they climbed out of Rociada Valley, Pascual had guided the train on a crow-flight routing of his own, taking the rear in order to maintain the pace. The directions had followed one upon another: "Go by that peeled aspen." "See that red cliff above the trees? Head straight for that." "When thou seest a horse's skull under a mountain mahogany, give to the left." The instructions (calling often for quick, fine observation), the pace, and the boy's fear that he would go by that skull, not see the deer run, combined to build up in Pino a more and more excited tension.

This, the boy thought with a thrill, was how Pascual travelled with his stolen horses. Pascual was revealing to him a corner of his secret. It was a demonstration of trust in him and of friendship, as well as of deference to his father—one of the very few men toward whom Pascual showed respect.

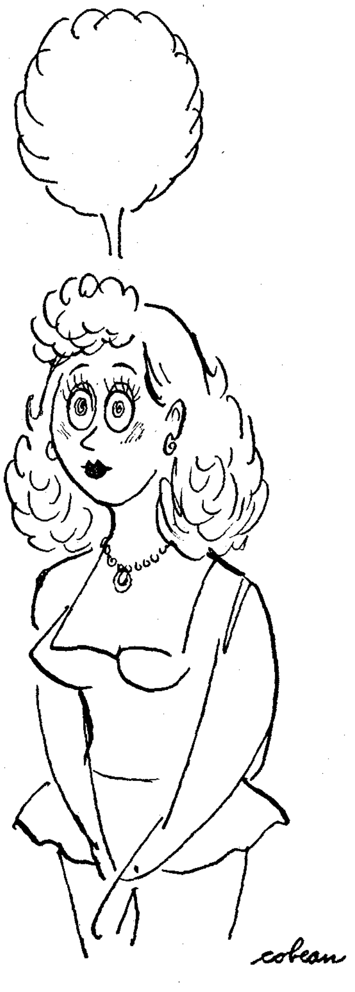
As he rode, the boy thought of the scope of Pascual's operations—the distances, the skill, and the danger. His heart uplifted, he dreamed of the night passages, not with mules but with a string of fast-trotting horses, until another shouted instruction brought him back to reality and he was acutely attentive again, lest he make a slip in Pascual's presence. Suddenly, Pino saw, stretching across the lower end of a long, shallow, open depression, the treacherous brilliant green of a *ciénaga*, a turf-covered bog. He raised his left hand, ready to draw rein. Pascual shouted, "*Dale! Dale!* Give it! On the run, man!" As he spoke, he let out more of the end of his lariat and swung it over his head; then he whooped at the mules.

Pino settled himself in the saddle, plied his spurs, and whipped his horse with the long end of his reins. His horse went into a lope, then a high lope, as it reached the green covering. It was not going fast enough; it began to flounder. Pino's instinct was to swing it around before it bogged. The mules slowed their pace, and bunched up, hesitating at the edge of the bog.

Pascual seemed to become four or five men. He was up within reach of the boy, ahead of the mules, shouting "Give it!" and swinging his lariat. The rope's end caught boy and horse impartially, galvanizing both. Pino lashed with the rein ends. The horse leaped forward, floundered once more, gained speed, and went across at a dead run. By then Pascual was behind the mules again, and brought them over in a racing bunch. It was necessary after that to get down and check the packs, to make sure that the burst of speed had not loosened them. Pino was glad of the respite, and it seemed to him that the only man greater than Pascual in all the world was his father.

It did not occur to him then or later that there was any call for Pascual, theoretically of inferior station and at the moment his father's employee, to apologize for having caught him a number of painful licks, intentionally or unintentionally. When you have not only just witnessed but taken part in a miracle, you do not object if in the course of it the miracle-worker caused you some slight physical discomfort.

THE pack train reached the camp early enough to enable the men to have their supper at the usual time, and that day's ride (they returned more at leisure, by a conventional route) fortified Pino's hero worship of Pascual, to which everything about the man contributed. He was dangerous. Those who crossed him had their fences cut or their animals lamed, or woke in the night to find their barns afire. He was a man of some mystery—a bachelor (in itself an anomaly in that region) living in a house which, from the outside, looked deserted and neglected. The people of Rociada, Upper Rociada, and Gascón, the villages that neighbored upon Don José's home ranch, were much given to visiting among themselves and at the ranch, but very few had ever been inside Pascual's house, the blinds of which were always drawn.



He was a far-ranger, not travelled in the sense that Pino's parents were but still knowledgeable about many cities outside the mountains. A man of his parts required more elaborate entertainment than Rociada could provide. From time to time, he took his pleasure with elegance in Las Vegas, which, in the days just before prohibition, was an opulent, well-equipped, lively city. Sometimes Pascual went farther abroad. He dropped casual remarks about the sights and diversions of Denver and Cheyenne, of El Paso, and of the explosive little adobe town of Ciudad Juárez across the border—remarks calculated to fascinate a boy in his teens.

With women, he was both effective and unscrupulous (Doña Marguerite once remarked that he ruined every woman who let herself be friendly with him)—a trait that only added to his glamour in Pino's eyes. Rociada born and bred, to that place Pascual always, like almost all of Rociada's children, returned.

As I have said, Pascual showed deference to Don José, the *patrón* of that region; he also worked for Don José from time to time, although he did not particularly need the pay. Possibly it pleased him to be needed by the great house. None of Don José's children feels that any explanation of this attitude of respect is necessary, nor does Doña Marguerite, which is to me an impressive indication of the kind of man Don José was. As for Doña Marguerite, she had no use for Pascual at all, and he avoided her.

He ran a small bunch of cattle, partly because it was work that appealed to him, partly as a cover for his many unexplained absences. From time to time, during dry spells, Don José let him throw the cattle in with his own herd, on the lower meadowlands. Early in Pascual's career, the matter of the ranch's relationship to him was settled smoothly. Don José had a beautiful young blooded mare that Pascual desired greatly to buy. When it became clear that the *patrón* would not sell, the mare, as might have been expected, disappeared from the horse pasture where she had been turned loose. The theft was probably an experiment, a test-

A SUMMER MORNING

(PSALM 117:24—DOUAY VERSION)

This is the day which the Lord hath made,
Shining like Eden absolved of sin,
Three parts glitter to one part shade:
Let us be glad and rejoice therein.

Everything's scoured brighter than metal.
Everything sparkles as pure as glass—
The leaf on the poplar, the zinnia's petal,
The wing of the bird, and the blade of the grass.

All, all is lustre. The glossy harbor
Dazzles the gulls that, gleaming, fly.
Glimmers the wasp on the grape in the arbor.
Glisten the clouds in the polished sky.

Tonight—tomorrow—the leaf will fade,
The waters tarnish, the dark begin.
But *this is the day which the Lord hath made:*
Let us be glad and rejoice therein.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

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ing. It was reported on a Tuesday evening. Wednesday morning, Don José sent for Pascual. No one else was present at the interview between them. Don José was older than Pascual, and taller, and he had the gift of being quietly forceful without apparent emphasis. The grand manner was his by nature. He told Pascual that his mare was missing from the pasture and that the fence was not down anywhere. As Pascual knew, he valued the animal highly. He hoped that Pascual would help find her, and he was confident that however she got out, she would return by the same means, not later than Friday morning.

That was all there was to it. The mare was in the pasture Friday morning. I have never heard of any other human being to whom Pascual deferred.

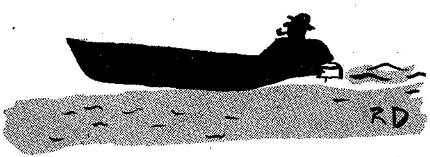
Pascual took the jobs that appealed to him. He was a fine teamster, and proud of his ability to push a team and loaded wagon over the bad mountain roads in snow or deep mud. In those days, not only the cart track that served as a road between Rociada and Sápello, the village at the gateway to the high mountain country, but the state road from there to Las Vegas, the metropolis on the railroad, frequently became impassable to automobiles. At such times, Pascual was the man who could be counted on to get the ranch's supplies through, behind two or four horses, so he handled most of Don José's heavy trucking for him. He liked work with cattle and horses but not with sheep. He was called in on one or two occasions when some interloper, some comparative amateur, had the effrontery to steal one of the Baca horses. Pascual followed up those cases with vigor and success, considering the stealing of a horse within his own home district a personal insult. While Pascual was doing these occasional jobs for the ranch, Pino had come in contact with him and had won his friendship.

Various lesser incidents than the one of the *ciénaga* and the cross-country ride increased the boy's admiration. One time, Pino was walking with Pascual on the edge of the woods. Pino was carrying his .22 rifle. He spotted a grouse in a tree, aimed hastily, fired, and missed. Before the grouse could take flight, Pascual killed it neatly with a flung stone. The acts of stooping, picking up the stone, straightening, and throwing were performed as a single motion almost too swift to follow. The mixture of quick action, skill, and deadliness was characteristic.

Pino spent nine months of each year at a boarding school deep in the East. As he was the only boy there who had roped, punched cattle, and ridden bucking horses, he commanded a ready audience, which enabled him to assuage some part of his homesickness with tales of Rociada. He had learned early to temper the truth, both plain and adorned, in such a way as to avoid incredulity or plain incomprehension. Pascual symbolized to him an important aspect of his homeland, but at school he never mentioned him; he could see no way to tell about his idol without having him rejected as a tall tale.

PINO superimposed upon the average American boy's belief that he is already a man the Spanish necessity of being and proving himself one. Pascual's stature became progressively greater in Pino's eyes. The harshest aspect of the man's character—even his vices—fascinated the boy, until Pascual himself destroyed it all with a single cast of a lariat.

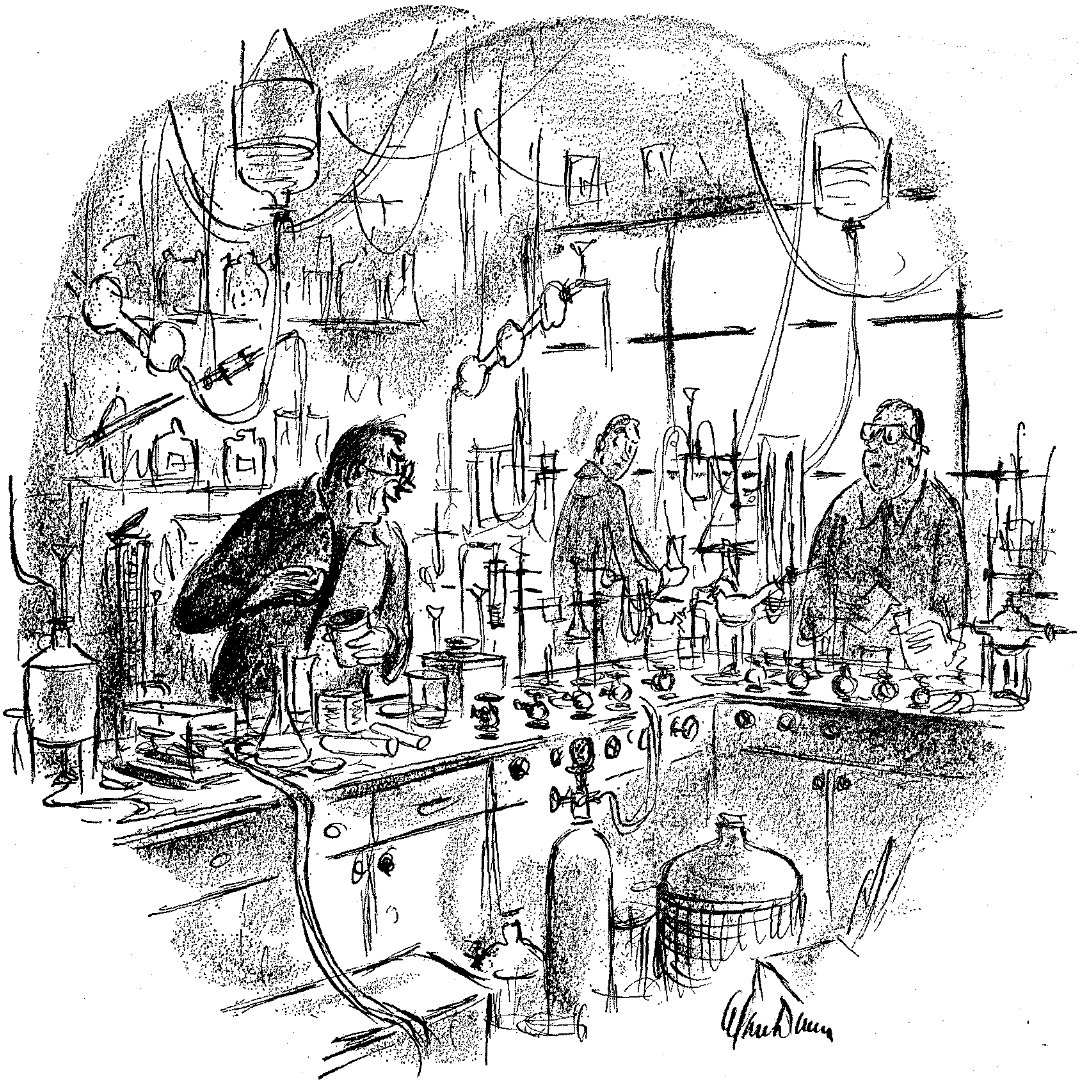
Don José had given Pino a Model T when he was fourteen. He became the family courier for those errands best performed in a car, the errands reaching to more distant places as he grew older. When he was seventeen, a year after his ride to Cow Creek, he was sent to Las Vegas occasionally, and to Sápello more times than suited his convenience.



Sápello, as I have said, was the gateway to the Rociada country, and to home-staying villagers it seemed a place well worth visiting. The priest lived there; it had two stores and a regular bar, as well as a dance hall. The main village of Rociada, in contrast, had neither priest nor bar, and only one store. To Pino, with his knowledge of the outside world, Sápello was just another village, with no attractions, and set in unattractive country. A trip there was simply an interruption of more interesting activities.

That summer, too, there was a new annoyance on the road. A family from outside had taken up an old farm on the road to Sápello, not far from Peñasco. It is Pino's impression that the family were Anglo-Americans of some kind; he remembers a towheaded boy. If they were, that would help explain the trick that Pascual played. This family brought with it some dogs as neglected and various as any that drifted about the houses of the natives. They were a source of constant irritation because they rushed wildly at cars—not just barking and running alongside but surrounding the car and apparently trying to board it. At that point on that rutted, washed-out road, in the cars of 1918, one drove between ten and twelve miles an hour; the dogs hung on long, and Pino was often forced half off the road in order to avoid them. Their leader, a big dog whose principal element was collie, was especially persistent, fierce, and annoying.

One day when Pascual was at the ranch, Doña Marguerite asked Pino to



"I'm playing a hunch. I'm going to mix dacron, aureomycin, U-235, and chlorophyll and see what happens."

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drive to Sápello with a message for the priest. Pascual said that he had business there, too, and the boy gladly offered him a ride. When they had left the ranchhouse, Pascual said, "Bring me a lariat—any old one. I'm going to show thee how one can teach good customs to those dogs the other side of Peñasco."

Pino brought him an old rope. Pascual tied the dally end to the back spring, brought the rope around to the right-hand door, and got in, with the rest of it coiled in his hand.

"What goest thou to do?"

"Thou wilt see," Pascual said.

As it was a fine, sunny day, they drove with the top down. In due course, they reached Peñasco, a scattering of farms that by a quality of conjunction, of being closer together than other mountain farms, created the sense of a place that deserved a name. When they were past it, Pascual said, "Now, when we go by the ranch of the curs, keep travelling, follow straight, and when I say 'Give it,' *give it.*"

They went by the farm; the dogs rushed out. Pino held the car steady at about twelve miles an hour. Pascual leaned out the door, rope in hand. The dog that was part collie made one of his snarling leaps at the car, and Pascual flipped the loop neatly over his head.

"*Dale!*"

Without thinking, Pino pulled down the throttle. The car leaped to twenty miles an hour, jarring his backbone. He heard a strange, very short, strangled scream and felt a jerk as the rope snapped tight behind them. The other dogs howled and scattered. He threw the throttle up, but Pascual said, "Give it, man! Now begins the dance."

Pino drove on. This was the thing inside Pascual. You knew he was deadly, and that fascinated you, but you had never dreamed what it would be like to have him let you see it. Pino was afraid, and he was also ashamed to stop or protest. Pascual sat placidly, not even looking back. Behind them, the dog bumped and dragged. Pino drove as fast as he could, and the animal followed at the end of the rope; it stayed on, he thought, forever, following the car. Then the jerking stopped.

Pascual said, "Stand thyself. There's no grace in dragging that rope." Pino stopped.

Pascual got out and went to the back of the car. Pino would not turn his head, but in the rearview mirror he saw Pascual stand for a moment looking down the road. Then he untied the empty lariat, coiled it, and got in. The honda and about a foot of the rope nearest it showed traces of hair and blood.

"Its head separated itself," Pascual said informatively.

The boy drew in an unsteady breath. He was Pino Baca, son of Don José Baca; he would not be sick, he would keep a still face. He drove on to Sápello. Pino's business with the priest was brief; Pascual had some complicated negotiations in hand, so Pino drove home alone.

NOT until several years later did Pino tell anyone what had happened. It was a thing he could not bring himself to describe. He tried to bury the sharp memory of the dog's choked cry, and the visual images; he had to deal, also, for a month or so, with a recurrent, definite sense of loss. At moments, when he thought of the horse thief, or when he met him, first would come the old, familiar admiration, then the remembering. And if Pascual was physically present, Pino would assume the graceful politeness that is the ancient Spanish mask. At this time, Pascual stopped addressing him as "thou."

—OLIVER LA FARGE

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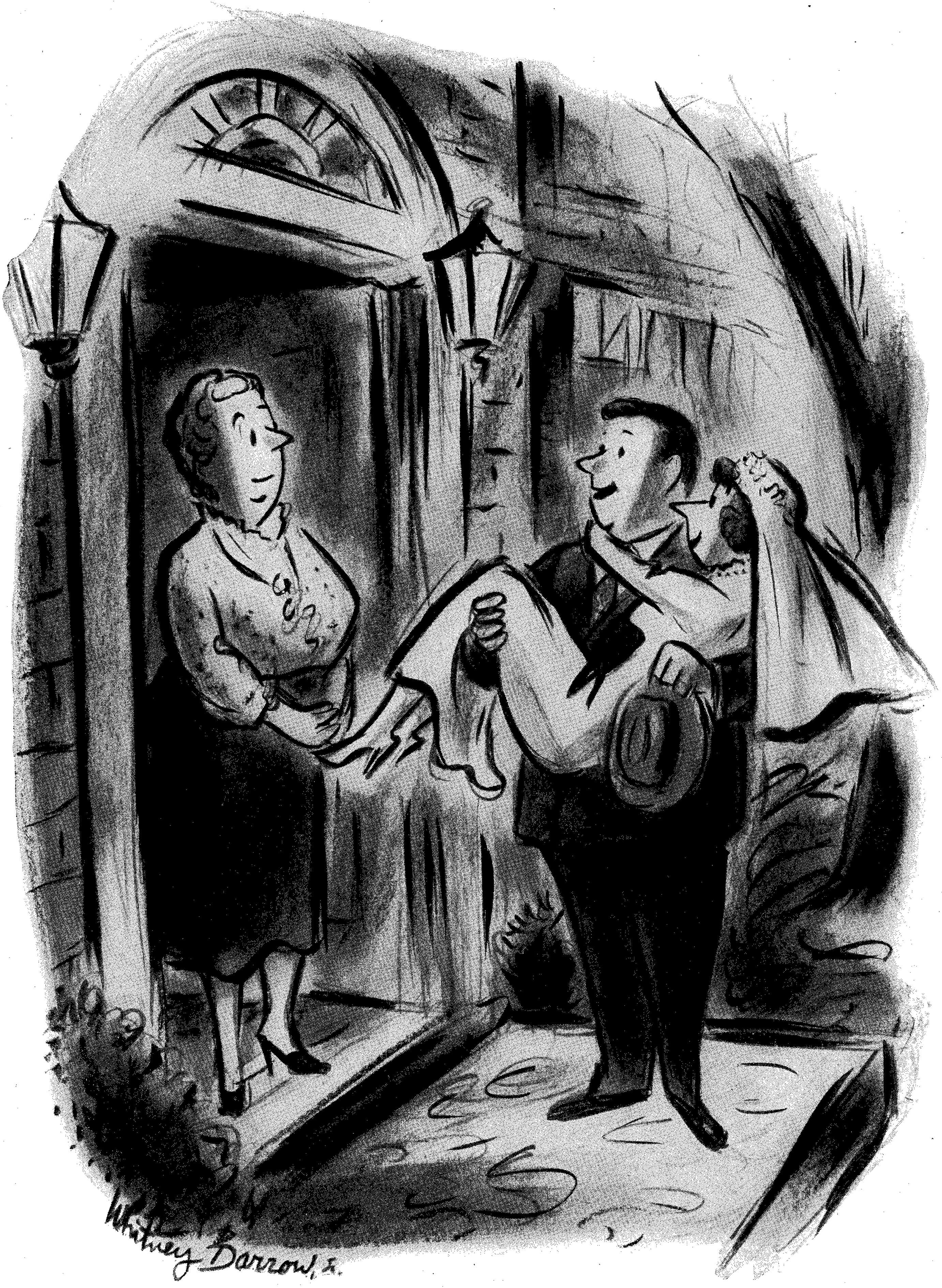
LOST—July 28 on E. 10th St., some very import. papers. Also fountain pen in P.O. near Gen. Del. window on Aug. 13. Also left br. grip, watch, foot tub, and everything I had at Bus Depot. Articles placed near lockers. W. R. Graham, Box 289, Star-News.—*Adv. in the Indianapolis Star.*

The thing for you to do, Graham, is stay home.


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Are you the party who advertised for a married couple?"

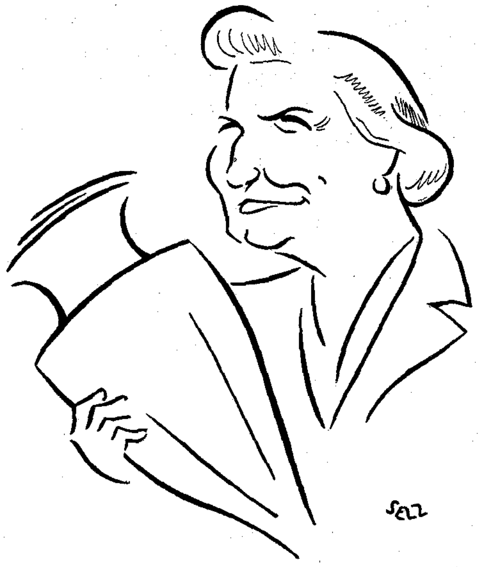
PROFILES

RUN, HELEN!

OF all the tight little worlds that have grown up around the popular sports of our age, the most civilized by far is the one inhabited by the people who play and follow lawn tennis. To the outsider's eye, this world appears to be an unruffled and exclusive Eden of green grass, multicolored umbrellas, sunshine, crisp white clothes, good breeding, good manners, good bodies, fair enough minds, and good credit at the bank. To its inhabitants, however, it is a highly fractious and nerve-racking place, for the pressures brought on by competition, social or athletic, in such a cultivated atmosphere have made many of them extremely handy at the double-edged remark and the well-thrown tantrum. Cliques spring up like weeds, and it is a rare afternoon that some new vendetta is not stirring uneasily on the clubhouse veranda. The comparative peace that has prevailed during the last quarter of a century in women's tennis, the Balkans of the tennis world, has been largely due to the good offices of Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman.

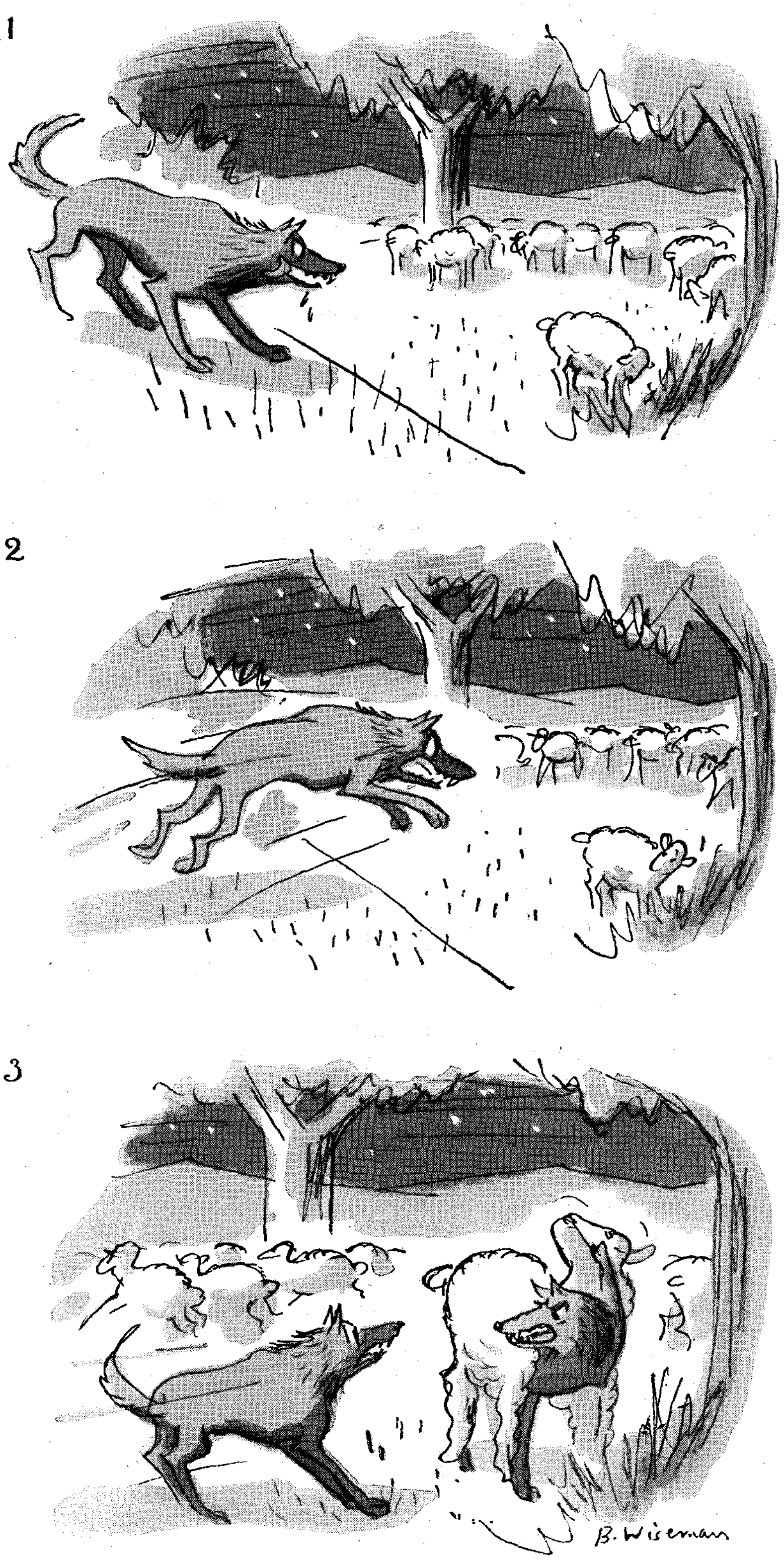
A bouncy, warm, unpretentious accumulation of unnervous energy, Mrs. Wightman, who is now sixty-five, has reigned officially, if unregally and often invisibly, as the Queen Mother of American tennis since 1923, when the annual Wightman Cup matches between teams of women players representing the United States and England were inaugurated. Mrs. Wightman, as the friend, tutor, and housemother of two generations of girls who have wanted desperately to play championship tennis, has probably developed more players than any other dedicated amateur, given more lessons than any professional, and, by way of example to her protégées, won more national championships than any other player in the history of the sport. Her most recent title was won two years ago, when, in partnership with Mrs. Marjorie Gladman Buck, who was a mere forty-one, she carried off her ninth Women Veterans' Doubles Championship. (At the present writing, she and Mrs. Buck have a good chance of winning this year's Veterans' Doubles, too.) Her 1950 victory brought the number of her national titles to forty-three, including four United States Women's Singles Championships (1909, '10, '11, and '19), six Women's Doubles Championships (1909, '10, '11, '15, '24, and '28), six Mixed Doubles Championships (1909, '10, '11, '15, '18, and '20), ten Indoor Women's Doubles Championships (1919, '21, '24, '27, '28, '29, '30, '31, '33, and '43), five Indoor Mixed Doubles Championships (1923, '24, '26, '27, and '28), and one Clay Court Mixed Doubles Championship (1915). In every decade of the century, there have been other lady tennis players who have insinuated that many of Mrs. Wightman's triumphs in doubles could be laid to the skill of her partners—they have included such players as Bill Tilden, Jean Borotra, R. Norris Williams, Helen Wills, Sarah Palfrey, and Pauline Betz—but this is a minority opinion. "Most people think Hazel owes her record to her brilliant footwork and sense of anticipation," R. Norris Williams, with whom Mrs. Wightman won the mixed doubles in the 1924 Olympic Games in France, recently said. "But if you ask me, the greatest thing about her is the way that woman can concentrate. We played our matches in the Olympics under the worst conditions imaginable. The French had finished laying down the courts only three days before the tournament began, and a fine spray of dust blew in our faces all week. The main stadium, where the track and field events were going on, was right next to the tennis courts, and there was no knowing when a pistol would suddenly go off or somebody would let loose a national anthem. The officials allowed venders to circulate all over the tennis stands and hawk their oranges, bananas, and ice cream at the top of their lungs. What's more, the officiating was really the poorest I've ever seen. Several times, only the umpire showed up for work, and line judges had to be recruited from the crowd. I was on edge the whole time, but nothing bothered Hazel—nothing at all. I don't think she even heard them selling those bananas."

Although Mrs. Wightman is as much at home as any local resident in the various outposts of the tennis world—New York in late August, when the National Championships are on at Forest Hills; Paris in June and Wimbledon in July; and California at almost any time of year—she has lived in the vicinity of Boston since 1912, when she married George W. Wightman, a Bostonian who later became a president of the United States Lawn Tennis Association. (They were divorced in 1940.) A compact woman, Mrs. Wightman is just over five feet tall, and the stalwart contours of her chin, her dominant nose, her brisk white hair, and her penetrating gray-blue eyes make her accommodatingly Bostonian in appearance. The qualities that have made her so able a Queen Mother are, however, those of the nineteenth-century Californian. Mrs. Wightman, who was born of covered-wagon stock in Healdsburg, sixty-five miles north of San Francisco, has the frontier woman's distaste for political and verbal maneuver, her ability to do any number of things at a time, and her unalterable determination to help her neighbor. "Hazel's been a long, cool breath of fresh air in the hothouse," a former Women's Doubles Champion said of Mrs. Wightman last spring. "She's not at all like the rest of us. She doesn't gossip, and you can't gossip about her. She's so completely old-fashioned that she thinks people—even deadly rivals on the court—can get along with each other. I don't know anybody else who'd have dared invite Helen Wills and Helen Jacobs, *and their mothers*, to share the same roof at the same time, but she did, and the four of them honestly enjoyed themselves."



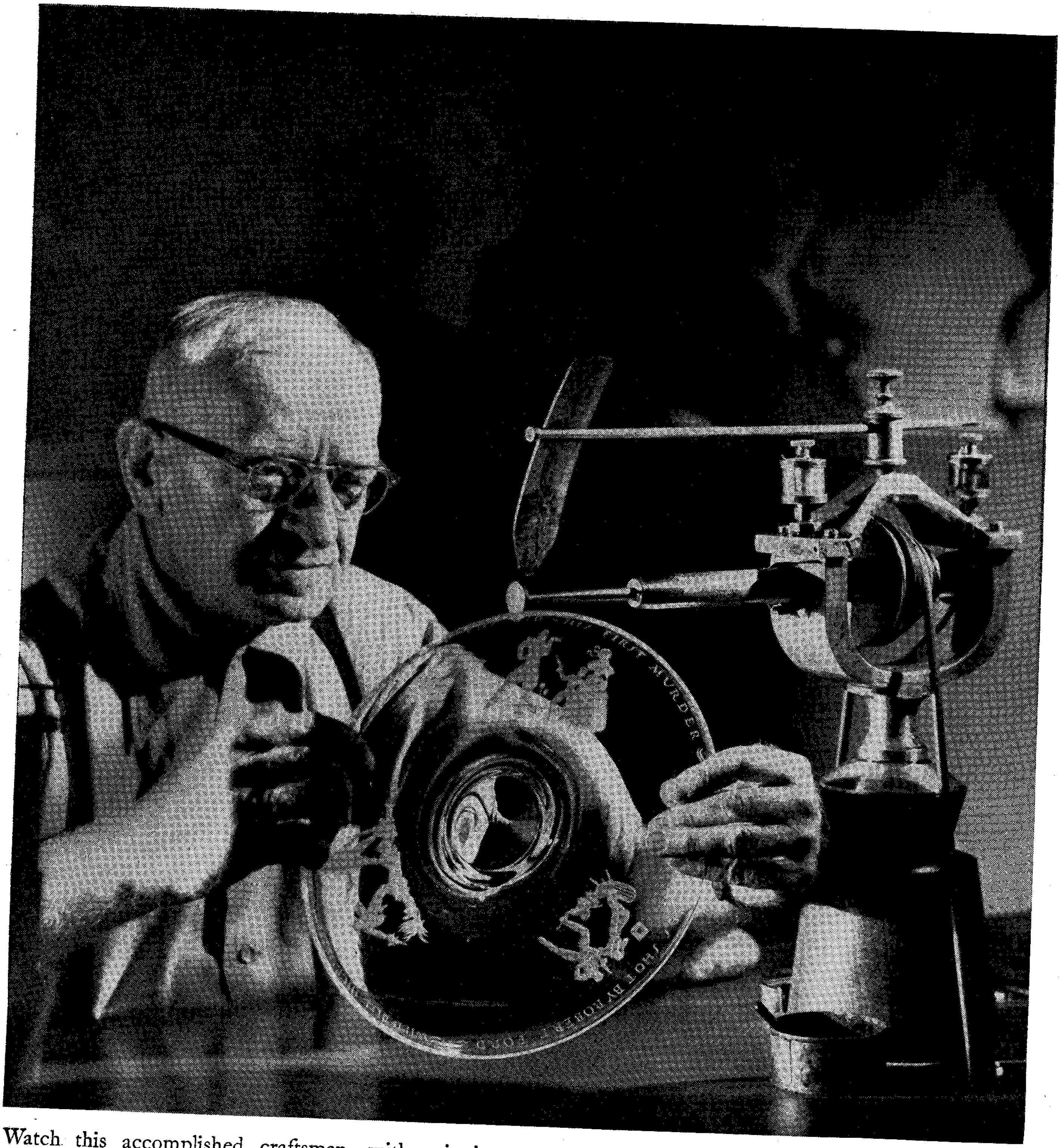
Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman

The dissimilarity between Mrs. Wightman and most of the other residents of the tennis world was strongly pointed up when her book, "Better Tennis," was published in 1933. In the first place, Mrs. Wightman wrote a lot of it in short installments in her car while waiting to collect her five children at their various schools. In the second place, it is nothing at all like the usual autobiography of a tennis champion, which is generally marked by a tormented tone of self-vindication, as if the writer felt obliged to answer charges that he or she is entirely devoid of culture and is not on a first-name basis with celebrities of every fashionable continent. The autobiographical portion of "Better Tennis" is written in low-flying prose and drops only two names—John McCormack and Queen Victoria Eugenia of Spain. The section devoted to instruction is equally earthbound. Mrs. Wightman does not advise the novice to hammer nails into a wall in order to develop the basic service stroke—as Mercer Beasley does—or any other tangential approach to the business at hand; she advocates nothing more bizarre than good old-fashioned practice. At the end of the book, she distills her advice on the game into an alphabet of alliterative maxims, beginning with "Always Alert," "Be Better," and "Concentrate Constantly," meeting the challenge of "X" with "Xceed Xpectations," and ending with "Yell Yours," and "Zip Zip." On the court, Mrs. Wightman is a chronic exhorter, and she delivers these maxims as staccato admonitions during her practice sessions with her pupils. "Work Wiles!" she is likely to shout across the net as she returns a thoughtless drive. She is not slow with a compliment, but experience has convinced her that pampering explains the failure of so many young players to fulfill their promise, let alone Xceed Xpectations. During a match in which her protégée Sarah Palfrey was beginning to lose a comfortable lead, Sarah's mother remarked worriedly to Mrs. Wightman that it was much too hot for her daughter to be playing tennis. "It's just as hot for the girl on the other side of the net," Mrs. Wightman answered. "Sarah can win this match easily if she'll only Quash Qualms."



MRS. WIGHTMAN's devotion to the affairs of her realm is unremitting. Every winter since 1923, she has conducted a Saturday-morning tennis class on the indoor linoleum courts of the Longwood Covered Courts Club, in Chestnut Hill. It is a demanding workout. At seven-forty-five, the pupils begin arriving from Brookline, the sundry Newtons, and less social suburbs of Boston. At eight o'clock, twenty to thirty girls, of all degrees of coördination, line up along the wall at the back of one of the courts. Mrs. Wightman—or Mrs. Wightie, as many of her pupils call her—takes up her position at the center of the base line across the net, and the class commences, as the girls come forward, one by one, for a go with her. For three hours, she sends over soft, arching shots for her pupils to lash at with a forehand drive, a backhand drive, an overhead smash, a block volley, or whatever stroke is being emphasized at the moment, all the while keeping one eye on the ball and the other on the pupil's form and shouting a continuous chatter of instruction as she retrieves the scattered shots hit back in her direction. In the winter of 1949, Mrs. Wightman fell on an icy step and tore a ligament in her right arm. Rather than cancel her class for three weeks, she carried on with her left hand. She can't believe that there is any sound reason for not playing, or at least practicing, tennis, and she has put one of her children's old play pens on a balcony overlooking the covered courts, so that young mothers who can't afford sitters will not have to give up the game.

The Queen Mother's dedication to tennis makes it difficult to get her off a court once she is on it. "I don't know how she does it," Mrs. Edith Sullivan, a friend of hers, told an acquaintance recently. "Two summers ago, on a real broiler of a day, I watched Hazel giving pointers to a group of about forty girls. She stayed on the court for seven solid hours. She didn't even stop for lunch. Around two, I handed her a tunafish



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sandwich, and she ate it with one hand and kept right on playing with the other." Mrs. Wightman's obstinate refusal to slow down to the relaxed pace of most sexagenarians with eleven grandchildren is not only overwhelming but mildly irritating to the younger women who are her partners in doubles competitions. In 1948, she invited Mrs. Marion Zinderstein Jessup, one of her first protégées, with whom she won four National Indoor Women's Doubles Championships between 1919 and 1927, to play with her in the National Women Veterans' Doubles Championship. "It was really a thrilling experience," Mrs. Jessup has said of their reunion as a team and their subsequent victory. "Things didn't work out just the way I thought they would, though. In the old days, Mrs. Wightman carried the load, but almost a quarter of a century had gone by since we'd last played together, and I figured that while I certainly wasn't as young as I had been, Mrs. Wightman was still twenty years older than I was. Naturally, I thought that I'd be expected to serve first for us and play the backhand court, which is a little tougher than the forehand—you know, generally shoulder the burden. But when we went onto the court for our first match, Mrs. Wightman marched right over to the backhand court. And when it was our turn to serve, Mrs. Wightman just automatically went back to the base line and waited for me to toss her the balls. Nothing had changed. It was just as if we were back in 1919. I was almost a spectator. A couple of times, Mrs. Wightman did run over to tell me how wonderful it was to be playing again with somebody who liked to storm the net, but outside of that—1919."

TO the outside, or unsneakered, world, Mrs. Wightman, apart from her connection with the cup and the international matches that bear her name, is best known as a teacher of champions. In the last thirty years, there have been few, if any, topflight American women players whose development has not been directly influenced by her. She met Helen Wills in the summer of 1920 on one of her trips to California to visit her family and inspect the tennis crop. Helen was fourteen when Mrs. Wightman, ranging a critical eye over the grounds of the Berkeley Tennis Club, watched her belt a series of drives and went over to introduce herself. During the remainder of her six-week stay in Berkeley, Mrs. Wightman worked with Helen on her two weakest points—her volley and her footwork—a regimen they continued the following summer, when Helen and her mother came East as Mrs. Wightman's guests. Two years later, in the summer of 1923, Helen won her first women's national title, defeating Molla Bjurstedt Mallory, the sturdy Norwegian with the Gallic temperament who had held the championship almost without interruption since 1915. Mrs. Wightman's close friendship with Helen Wills did not deter her from giving equal attention to Helen Jacobs, another product of Berkeley, who became Helen Wills' bitter and abiding rival, though in six major tournaments she beat her only once—in their famous match in the final at Forest Hills in 1933, when Helen Wills walked off the court and defaulted, with the score 8–6, 3–6, 3–0 in Helen Jacobs' favor. Mrs. Wightman met the second Helen on her visit to California in 1923, and practiced with her three hours Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings as long as she was there. "She was wonderful to work with, that girl," Mrs. Wightman has said of her. "How she would listen to what you were trying to get across, and how she'd concentrate on applying it! Helen Jacobs was the most responsive and, in a way, the most satisfying pupil I've ever taught." Before it became apparent that the Wills-Jacobs feud was irreconcilable, Mrs. Wightman tried to get the two to play practice matches together. They tried it twice and then gave up the idea. Whenever the two Helens met in a tournament, Mrs. Wightman, despite her efforts to enter a state of Buddhistic suspension of all feelings, found her sympathies torn between the two antagonists, and invariably took an emotional beating.

Mrs. Wightman discovered Sarah Palfrey in the autumn of 1923, when Sarah was eleven. "You couldn't miss that little monkey," she remarked not long ago to some young disciples. "Mr. Croker—he was the professional at Longwood then—told me to come down to the courts on Saturday and he'd show me the finest young prospect I'd ever seen. He was really crowing. I went to the club on Saturday and watched Mr. Croker giving a lesson to a very graceful young girl, about thirteen. After the lesson, Mr. Croker came over with a smile a mile wide on his face, and asked me what I thought of his prize. I said that she seemed to have all the earmarks of a first-class player, and then I said, 'There's a better player here you've missed. Take a look at that little thing on No. 3 court. That's the one *I* want.' Mr. Croker's pupil was Mianne Palfrey, one of Sarah's four sisters, and I, of course, had Sarah."

An unplanned but felicitous by-product of Mrs. Wightman's coaching activities is the abundant supply of talented women's-doubles partners she has always had. She and Sarah took five National Indoor Doubles Championships. The team of Wills and Wightman won two Wightman Cup doubles matches, two United States Championships, the Olympic tournament of 1924, and one All-England Championship at Wimbledon. They were never defeated. Mrs. Wightman established the tactics for the team and punctuated their matches with commanding cries of "Yours!," "Up now!," and "Run, Helen!" This last phrase cut so startlingly and so repeatedly through the polite stillness of the air at Wimbledon that the English made it part of their tennis lexicon, and it is still shouted today, if with less imperativeness, at Cynthias, Daphnes, and other slow freight of all nomenclature.

IT is Mrs. Wightman's firm opinion that any person with adequate co-ordination can become a competent tennis player. A corollary opinion, equally firm, is that a competent tennis game not only insures innumerable hours of pleasure but, especially in the case of girls, can often mean the difference between a frustrated life and a full one. "Whenever I give a demonstration at a girls' school and the girls gather around," she remarked at an informal tennis luncheon last summer, "I get a special feeling about all the awkward and shy ones. 'Now, if I can only get these girls interested in tennis,' I tell myself, 'I'll be giving them something.' I've seen it happen a thousand times. To get confidence in herself, a girl who isn't attractive—or who thinks she isn't attractive—has to do something well that other people admire. A good tennis game fills the bill. It gives her a chance to meet other young people and associate with boys on an easy, friendly level. Then she begins to get around and acquire a little poise, and before you know it, she's beginning to express herself spontaneously. Tennis can open up a whole new world for those girls."

Following up this line of reasoning, Mrs. Wightman spends an average of twelve hours a week during the tennis season visiting Eastern colleges, preparatory and high schools, clubs, camps, and churches that have invited her to

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talk about tennis or put on a demonstration. Her conviction that tennis alone can work a transformation for ugly ducklings does not prevent her, however, from helping the process along with a little purely feminine guidance. During the Massachusetts State Girls Championships, which she puts on at the Longwood Cricket Club every year, she is frequently jarred by a contestant's seeming neglect of her appearance. "You ought to work on your posture," she will inform one girl. "And when you get home, you tell your mother to buy you a blouse like the one Barbara's wearing." To another, she will say, "The next time I see you, I want to see your hair looking neater. You get yourself some bobby pins. You don't want to look as though you've just been struck by a tornado." While the tournament is on, Mrs. Wightman sets up a table and chair at a shady vantage point from which she can watch the play on as many as fourteen courts and keep an eye on all the players. Her tips on appearance are part of the elliptical conversations that take place at the table as the players report the results of their matches and Mrs. Wightman enters the scores on the tournament sheet, introduces opponents, doles out cookies, assigns courts, and tries to dispel the nervousness of contestants who are gingerly poking their toes in tournament water for the first time. Her method for dealing with players who have been defeated is to get them occupied before they have time to feel sorry for themselves. "That wasn't a bad showing at all, Janet," she will say to a loser who has just stammered out the tragic result and is trying to disappear behind the handle of her racket. "You go into the consolation round now, don't you? Let me see who you play . . . You play Esther McGrath. She's that auburn-haired girl with the green sweater over there. Got it? You'll have a good match with her. Now, as soon as No. 11 is clear, you and Esther take that court." Winners need no comparable therapy, but whenever Mrs. Wightman uncovers a prospect who looks as if she will go a long way, she is careful to acquaint her, in small, oblique doses, with the code of a champion. In Mrs. Wightman's book, a champion, since she serves as a model for thousands of impressionable girls, has many responsibilities above and beyond performing with excellence. Her conduct must be exemplary, and she must not confuse the tennis court with the stage. Mrs. Wightman feels that Gussie Moran's celebrated eye-catching lingerie does not fit in with the code.

One champion who possibly took the code a little too seriously was Helen Wills, and Mrs. Wightman is among the few people who could get along with her comfortably. In the company of Mrs. Wightman, Helen shed her poker face and monarchical gestures and tone of voice, and relaxed. Mrs. Wightman's secret for bringing out Helen's lurking humanity was to treat her as an unqueenly and imperfect human being. "Helen was really an unconfident and awkward girl—you have no idea how awkward," Mrs. Wightman remarked not long ago. "I remember one morning—it must have been in the summer of 1922, because we were at Bass Rocks and I'd just had my daughter Dorothy—Helen came banging down the stairs violently enough to shake the whole house apart. I asked her to go upstairs and come down again, and this time to walk rhythmically and lightly. It was almost as bad as before. 'You try that once more,' I told her, 'and this time lay those nine-double-"A"s of yours down with just a suspicion of femininity.' She came down pretty well that time. You see, where I differed from most of the tennis crowd was that I thought of Helen as an honestly shy person who was bewildered by how difficult it was to please most people."

A FAIRLY large number of the younger inhabitants of the tennis world, having listened to the veranda-stationed old-timers reviewing the innovations that Mrs. Wightman has brought to the game in the past fifty years, have picked up the idea that there was no tennis before Mrs. Wightman arrived on the scene. This is an error, if an understandable one. Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman was born in 1886, five years after the United States Lawn Tennis Association was founded, eleven years after the All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club had laid out its first court at Wimbledon, and thirteen years after Major Walter C. Wingfield, a retired British Army officer, had worked out the first primitive form of lawn tennis, which he called Sphairistiké, to serve as an alternate of croquet at Victorian garden parties. Both sets of Mrs. Wightman's grandparents made the transcontinental journey to California, but their modes of travel differed. Benoni and Virginia Hotchkiss, her paternal grandparents, were living in Campbellsville, Kentucky, when, in the spring of 1850, they decided to join a covered-wagon caravan that was passing through the village. William Grove, her mother's father and a native of Staunton, Virginia, transported his family West after the Civil War, mostly by rail. The Hotchkisses and the Groves laid out neighboring ranches along the Russian River in the Sonoma Valley, and, in the Harold Bell Wright tradition, one of the Hotchkiss boys, William Joseph, conducted an open-air courtship of one of the Grove girls, Emma Lucretia. They bought a fifteen-hundred-acre ranch and proceeded to raise a family in an orderly manner. Hazel, their one daughter, was six years younger than Miller, four younger than Homer, two younger than Marius, and two years older than Linville. Mr. Hotchkiss was a large, amiable, casual man who got things done. Starting as a grower of grapes, apples, alfalfa, and spinach, he became, successively, a member of a combine of farmers who canned their own products and one of the founders of the California Packing Corporation, which puts out the Del Monte brand of canned goods.

The determination to compensate for some early physical disability seems to be the driving force behind a remarkably high percentage of champion athletes. Hazel Hotchkiss was a frail child, subject to such severe and frequent headaches that she could not attend school regularly. On the advice of the family doctor, her parents encouraged her to spend as many hours as possible outdoors, and her brothers were told to include her in their games. Hazel developed into a fair pole vaulter and halfback and into a stylish baseball player. In 1900, shortly after Mr. Hotchkiss moved his office to San Francisco and his family to Berkeley, across San Francisco Bay, the two middle boys, Homer and Marius, took up tennis and won a local tournament. In an effort to interest their sister in the game, a suitable sport for a young lady, they took her to San Rafael in the summer of 1902 to watch the Pacific Coast Championships. Hazel fell in love with tennis the first time she saw it played really well. "The feature match was the singles final between two of the famous Sutton sisters, Florence and May, and they were mighty impressive," Mrs. Wightman has said of that portentous day. "Both of them had fine, forcing forehands, and May, particularly, could soak that ball. But what caught my fancy even more than the Suttons was an exhibition doubles match put on by the Hardy brothers, Sam and Sumner. They'd been in a class by themselves on the Pacific Coast for six or

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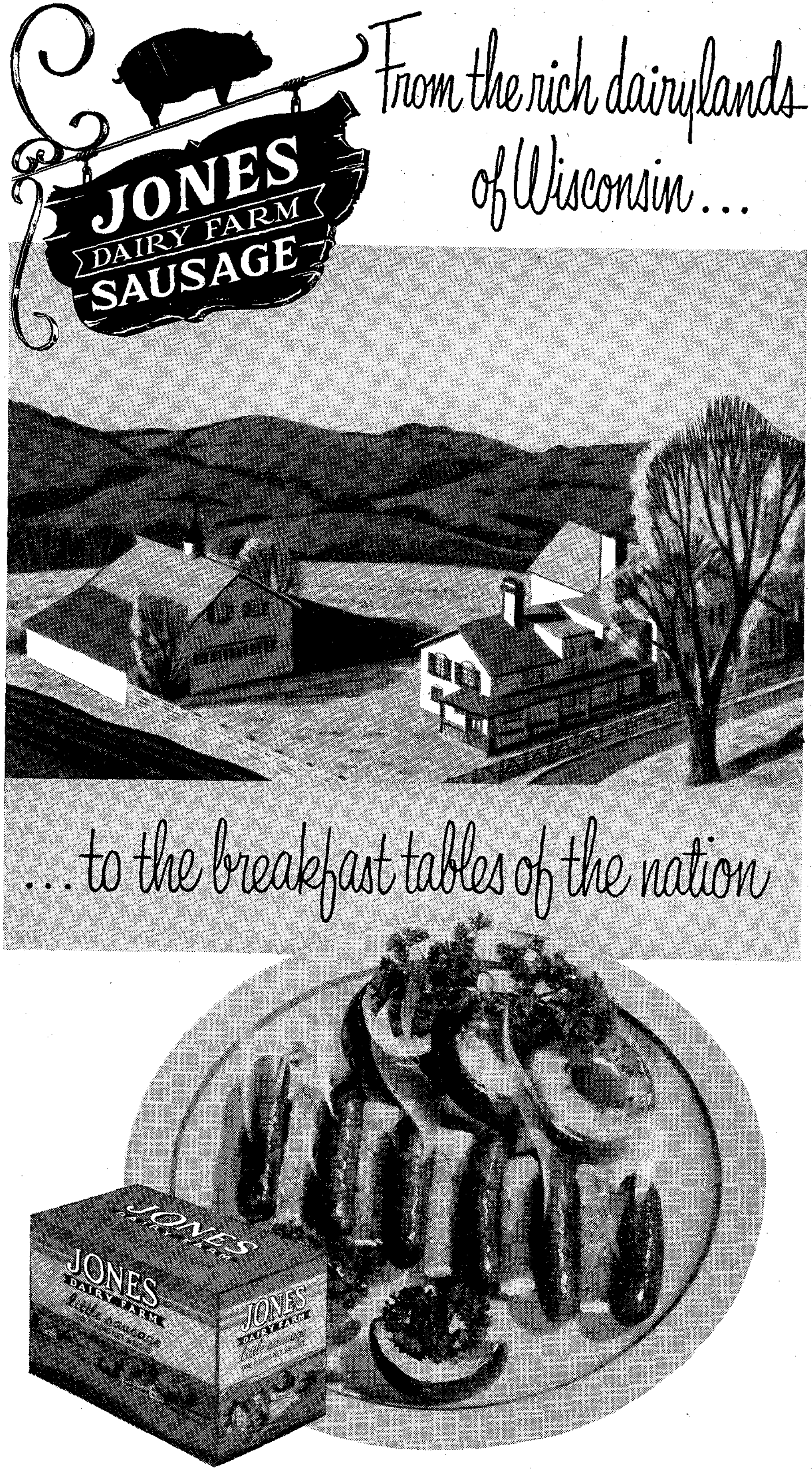
seven years, and they *were* a skillful team. The way girls played singles in those days, you know, there was no net game at all. They didn't budge from the base line. In one rally, the ball might go over the net as many as fifty times before someone made an error or finally won the point on a placement. Doubles the way Sam and Sumner Hardy played—now, *that* appealed to me. They were awfully quick at net play, and even a greenhorn like myself could appreciate the precision with which they volleyed and smashed, and their split-second maneuvers for drawing their opponents out of position and setting up their openings. I decided that afternoon that I'd go in for tennis and model my game on the Hardys'." Actually, the gravelled back yard of the Hotchkiss home—where Hazel and her brothers did most of their practicing, since there was only one court in Berkeley—compelled them to play like the Hardys. The bounces off the gravel were so erratic that the ball had to be volleyed—that is, played before it struck the ground. The net was simply a rope strung between the house and a cluster of rosebushes. The brilliant ability to anticipate which later characterized Mrs. Wightman's game and caused A. Wallis Myers, the famous English critic, to rank her alongside Suzanne Lenglen in that rare company of players whose racket seemed to attract the ball was really born in self-defense.

Berkeley's only tennis court in 1902 was an asphalt one belonging to the University of California. The court was open to the public, but girls were not allowed on it after eight in the morning. Consequently, Hazel, Homer, and Marius rose daily at five to play, with a friend of Homer's making the fourth for doubles. The Hotchkisses would grab apples from the kitchen for breakfast and eat them as they trotted the mile to the court in the ochre light of dawn. These matutinal workouts came to an end at six-thirty, when Hazel returned home to practice the piano for an hour before going to classes at Berkeley High School. Whenever Hazel could find no one to rally with on the gravel, she worked on her strokes by banging a ball against the wall of the Hotchkiss house. She has always contended that solo practice against a bangboard can be the making of a tennis player. In 1947, she presented the Longwood Cricket Club with a new bangboard, stipulating that it be set up close to the clubhouse, since she believes that boys and girls are less reluctant to practice if they know their industry is being observed. Mrs. Wightman herself is one of the most constant observers. Even when engaged in a sharp match on a nearby court and apparently totally absorbed in it, she periodically hurls a cry of "Change!" in the direction of the bangboard, and at this signal the youngster who has been whaling away at the board instantly gives way to the next practicer.

In December, 1902, six months after she had taken up tennis, Hazel Hotchkiss entered her first tournament, the Bay Counties Women's Doubles Championship, sponsored by the San Francisco Park Commission. On the ferry taking her across the bay, she ran into a girl named Mary Radcliffe and learned that she was also going to play in the tournament. Mary, like Hazel, was waiting to be assigned a doubles partner by the tournament committee. The two girls decided to team up, and although neither had seen the other play, they won the championship without the loss of a set. It was a historic day in women's tennis, because of the revolutionary tactics that Hazel introduced. Standing a yard and a half from the net when her partner served, she intercepted the majority of her opponents' returns and volleyed them for winners. She rushed forward to the net during rallies whenever a short return provided an opening, and stayed there instead of retreating to the backcourt. She followed in after her better serves, just as the Hardy brothers and her brothers did, to volley the return. These measures thoroughly demoralized her opponents, who had been brought up to think that woman's place was the base line. The emancipation of woman from the backcourt was definitely under way.

Hazel Hotchkiss quickly established herself as the girl to beat in the local tournaments. Her game continued to improve, largely because of the unrelenting criticism of her brothers. "The favorite adjective young people used in those days to express displeasure was 'rotten,' and, believe me, I heard it a lot," she recently told a friend. In doubles, Hazel was unbeatable; she could win with any partner. In singles, she was a degree less formidable. Her service was well placed but not too hard to handle. Her ground strokes—playing the ball after the bounce—were chopped and, as a result, not true attacking weapons. "If Hazel had stayed on the base line, she would have been absolutely overpowered by a player with a first-class drive," Mrs. William MacKenzie Kalt, for many years the chairman of the Women's Ranking Committee of the U.S.L.T.A., has said. "Hazel, however, was smart enough to realize that she couldn't live on the base line. She had to get up to net to win, and she knew it."

To expose the deficiencies in Hazel's singles game, a girl had to be a hard and accurate hitter, and there were no players of that calibre in the San Francisco area. When Hazel continued to clean up all comers in tournament after tournament, the northern Californian tennis fans began to wonder hopefully whether they had not finally produced a player who could put the southern Californians in their place by defeating one or all of the remarkable Sutton sisters. There were five Sutton sisters, the daughters of an English naval captain who had transplanted his family from Plymouth to Pasadena after his retirement. Adele, the oldest, didn't care much for tennis, but Ethel, Violet, Florence, and May, who followed in that order, spent their childhood on the family court. The Suttons began to be prominent in tennis around 1900, and soon dominated any tournaments they elected to enter. By 1904, Hazel Hotchkiss had widened her orbit to include tournaments where the Suttons competed. Hazel took several good lacings before she defeated her first Sutton, Ethel, in the 1906 Pacific Coast Championships, at San Rafael. Shortly after this, she overhauled Violet and Florence. May, the youngest Sutton, was a different proposition. A year younger than Hazel, stocky, square-shouldered, and with the uncomplicated belligerence of a bulldog, May was *the* Sutton. She had gone East in 1904 to see what the National Championships were like, and had won without exerting herself. She never chose to appear in the Nationals again during her heyday. In 1905, she invaded England, where she became the first American girl to win at Wimbledon, a victory she achieved by outlasting the top-ranking English star, Dorothea Douglass. Miss Douglass turned the tables on May in the Wimbledon final the next summer, but in 1907 May regained the championship, again defeating Miss Douglass. That satisfied May, and she never went back. May's great stroke was her forehand drive. In the opinion of several experts, none of the outstanding forehands of later periods—those of Molla Mallory, Helen Wills, Maureen Connolly, and May's own daughter, Dorothy Bundy—ranked with May's. "Not only could she sock the ball with speed and pace but she could put it on a dime," Mrs. Wightman once said. "I was standing near May one afternoon when a reporter asked her how she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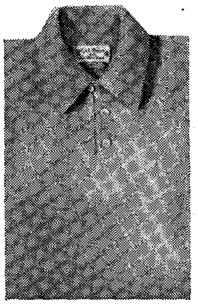

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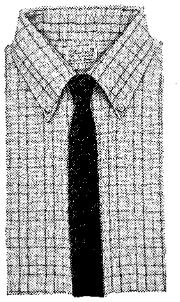

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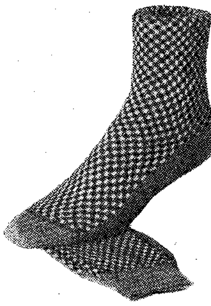

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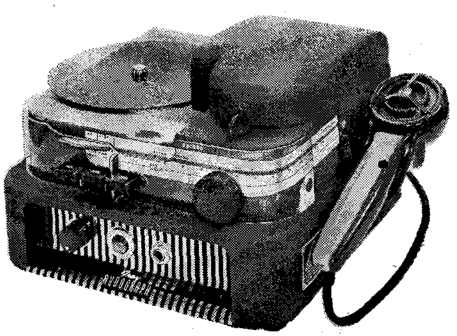
managed to put the ball in the corners time after time. She told him it was easy—that the lines on the court seemed to her to stand upright, like fences."

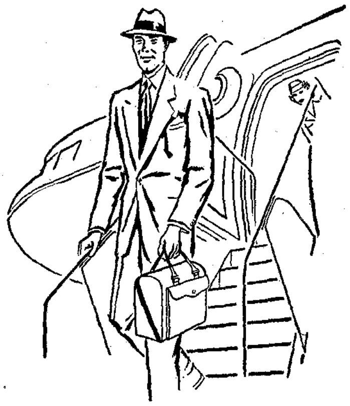
In her first matches against May Sutton the base-liner, Hazel Hotchkiss the volleyer gave herself, her brothers, and northern California little to cheer about. May polished her off with the loss of only five games in two sets, blasting away with her forehand with such severity that Hazel had few opportunities to move up to mid-court. Gradually, however, Hazel began to take more and more games, and in one of their meetings early in 1910, though she lost the third and deciding set, she did succeed in winning a set from May, something no American girl had ever done. As the duel progressed, Hazel kept closing the gap and was able to make it very warm for May. She perfected her smash during long practice sessions with Maurice McLoughlin, a fellow northern Californian, who later was the first Westerner to win the Men's Singles Championship and was renowned for the unprecedented velocity of his serve and overhead. Above all, she kept hammering away at May's relatively soft backhand. There are some veteran tennis fans who think that Mrs. Wightman's years of furious concentration on breaking down May Sutton's backhand left such an indelible mark on her that she has automatically played everyone's backhand ever since; thirty years later, she was still coaching her pupils to do the same, even if their opponent's backhand was as impregnable, and forehand as unsteady, as Helen Jacobs'.

The Sutton-Hotchkiss rivalry, which had been gathering steam as the matches became closer, erupted into a full-fledged sectional feud in 1910, when Hazel was twenty-three and May twenty-two. That spring, Hazel finally made it, beating May in the Ojai Valley tournament. The scores were 2–6, 6–4, 6–0, and May offered no handshake at the end of the match. They faced each other six months later in the Pacific Coast Championship, at Del Monte. May took the first set, 7–5, by running around her backhand. Hazel fought back to take the second, 6–4, with a mixture of drop shots and smashes. Feeling that she had May on the go, she was waiting on the base line, eager to get on with the deciding third set, when May announced to the umpire that she felt like a cup of tea, deposited herself in a wicker chair, and sat in silence until a waiter appeared with her tea on a tray. Twenty minutes later, May was ready to resume play, and she pulled out the final set, 6–4. After this controversial episode—the southern Californians considered it the resourcefulness of a true champion, the northern Californians shocking sportsmanship—there was seldom an empty seat in the stands when the two rivals met, and their partisans travelled hundreds of miles to cheer them on. Over two thousand fans coaxed their Pope-Hartfords and Hupmobiles to the top of Mount Washington, California, when their champions met in an invitation tournament at the Mount Washington Hotel. "Come on, you Berkeley girl!" was the cry of the northerners. The southerners, always a shade more flamboyant, shouted, "Smash her, May!" At Mount Washington, May produced her most magnificent tennis and triumphed without the benefit of tea.

IN the fall of 1908, a delegation of stars from the Atlantic seaboard, including Irving Wright, Nat Niles, and Wallace Johnson, toured the West Coast to promote interest in tennis, a singularly superfluous undertaking. Hazel Hotchkiss was then three-quarters of the way through her conquest of the Sutton sisters, but the news of her rise had not filtered to the East and the unbriefed visitors were highly impressed by her all-court style of play. After several talks with Mr. Hotchkiss, they persuaded him to bring his daughter East the following summer to play in the National Championships. In June, when Hazel had completed her sophomore year at the University of California, she and her father went to Philadelphia, where the women's singles, women's doubles, and mixed doubles championships were then held. It was a successful trip. Hazel won the mixed doubles with Johnson, and the women's doubles with Edith Rotch, of Boston. She completed her sweep of the three titles by defeating the title-holder, Mrs. Maud Barger-Wallach, of Newport, in the singles. Until 1919, the defending champion did not have to play through the early rounds; she stood by as the aspirants to her title battled it out to determine who would play the champ in the challenge round. Mrs. Barger-Wallach, a fragile artist in her late thirties, had been in poor health, and up to the last moment she was not sure that she would attempt to defend her title. She finally decided she would, and took to the court dressed in a wide-brimmed garden hat and a flowing white gown that gave her the appearance of a displaced Renoir. Hazel was wearing a bandeau, a white duck skirt that came to a few inches above her ankles, and a sleeveless blouse—a distinctly avant-garde costume. It was no contest. Hazel ran through the first set in ten minutes, with the loss of only seven points. Halfway through the second set, which was following the same pattern, Hazel stopped playing Mrs. Barger-Wallach's nonexistent backhand. She also stopped coming to the net. Until the end of the set, which she won, 6–1, she fed Mrs. Barger-Wallach's forehand, and in the long and pleasant rallies that ensued Mrs. Barger-Wallach, who had looked like no tennis player at all, played creditable forehand tennis. She walked off the court an unhumiliated ex-champion. "I don't think that Hazel's courtesy toward Mrs. Barger-Wallach was lost on many of us who saw her on that first trip East," a venerable U.S.L.T.A. official said not long ago. "Of course, it was her overhead game that we talked about most. Remember, none of us had ever seen a girl who could smash or volley like a man. Until Hazel came along, you know, mixed doubles was quite an ordeal for the female half of the team. The men ungallantly directed their fire at the female on the opposing team whenever they needed to clinch an important point and took all the putaway shots. A number of players—notably Raymond Little and Bill Tilden's older brother, Herbert—took everything. Hazel restored a balance to mixed doubles. It was very enjoyable, I must admit, watching this unassuming girl from California smashing the ball plumb at the feet of our celebrated court-hogs."

Hazel Hotchkiss successfully defended her three titles in 1910 and again in 1911. As a college-graduation present, Mr. Hotchkiss allowed her to stay East for four months after the 1911 National Championships. She made the tour of the summer circuit of women's singles tournaments, winning the Western Pennsylvania Championship, in Pittsburgh; the Middle States Championship, in Orange, New Jersey; the Western, at Chicago; the Metropolitan, in New York; and tournaments at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Newport, and Longwood. In the final on the turf courts of the Queen's Royal Hotel at Niagara-on-the-Lake, on Lake Ontario, Hazel came up against her old antagonist May Sutton. It was their first meeting outside of California and their first on grass. May marched through the first set, 6–0, as if Hazel had been Mrs. Barger-Wallach. She reeled off three more games in the second set, dropped a game on her own errors, and then picked up two more to lead, 5–1. "I couldn't do anything





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against her," Mrs. Wightman calmly recalls. "Nothing I tried worked, and May was playing beautiful tennis. She was making me look very silly indeed. Then, all of a sudden, the thought struck me that I wasn't making enough allowance—any allowance—for the heaviness of the ball. It had been drizzling on and off, and any dummy should have known that the ball would soak up the moisture. I tried to reorganize my concentration, and I kept telling myself not to give up, that 5–1 is no lead in a set and 40–love is no lead in a game. I began smashing everything. My game started to pick up, and as I came on, May started to go off. Her drives began going out by inches, while I couldn't miss a shot. Momentum gives you an immeasurable psychological advantage. I won six straight games to pull the second set out, and I just kept rolling and ran off six more in a row for the third set and the match. That was quite a day for me." This was the last match between the two great rivals during their athletic primes. As they grew older, each of them mellowed to the extent that she could regard the other with objective admiration, but there was always a certain absence of warmth in their relationship. When they met again, in an early round in the National Championship in 1928—Mrs. Wightman won 6–4, 11–9—both battled desperately, as if they were still fighting to see who was the best woman player in the country. May accepted an invitation to play on the Wightman Cup team in 1925; a decade later, her daughter, Dorothy Bundy, for whom Mrs. Wightman has a tremendous affection, was on the team.

IN the seven years after her marriage in 1912, Mrs. Wightman played only occasional tournament tennis, a semi-retirement occasioned for the most part by the birth of three children. In 1919, her urge to see if she could keep pace with the new stars persuaded her to take up full-scale competition once again. That year, in both the indoor and outdoor Singles Championships, she met one of her protégées, Marion Zinderstein, in the finals. Mrs. Wightman won by feeding Marion the shots she knew Marion was weakest on. Whenever she has opposed her pupils in a formal tournament, she has gone all out to win and quashes any qualms about being uncharitable. The only match that Mrs. Wightman has ever thrown involved royalty. In 1924, when she was a member of the United States Olympic team, the Tennis Club of San Sebastián invited the team to be its weekend guests at that pleasant perch on the Bay of Biscay, where the Queen of Spain, a keen tennis fan, had her summer palace. Mrs. Wightman, Vincent Richards, and Julian S. Myrick, the captain of the men's team, accepted the invitation. On their arrival, they were informed that the American Ambassador, Alexander P. Moore, had arranged for them to play an exhibition for the royal family. "On Saturday morning, Ambassador Moore presented us to King Alfonso and Queen Victoria Eugenia and their children," Mrs. Wightman says. "Then we walked down through a very charming garden to the court—a nice red-clay court, shaded by tall oaks that we later found interfered with lobs. On the way down, the two youngest princes kept asking their mother why she wasn't playing, and she kept shushing them and explaining that she wasn't good enough to play with champions. We all declared that this wasn't so, and after a few minutes the Queen sent her daughter Beatrice back to the palace to fetch her sneakers. We played doubles—the Queen and Vinnie Richards against Mr. Myrick and me. They won in straight sets, something like 6–3, 6–4. The Queen played very well, I thought. I'd like to have had her for two weeks to work on her return of service, but, all in all, she had the foundation of a good game. After the match, the King told us he had enjoyed it very much, but that he wasn't surprised that the Queen's side had won. 'Whenever I play polo,' he said with a little smile, 'my side always wins and I am always the outstanding player on the field.' "

MRS. WIGHTMAN'S successful reëntry into the lists in 1919 brought her numerous messages of congratulation, among them a gracious letter, which turned out to have considerable significance, from Suzanne Lenglen, the young French whiz who had won her first Wimbledon championship that spring. At this time, Mrs. Wightman was practically the only bridge between Eastern and Western women's tennis. For a number of years, the girl prodigies sprouting in California had shied away from the cross-country journey to the big tournaments, even when funds were available, because they had no friends to show them the ropes. Mrs. Wightman made it a point to meet these girls during her visits to California and invite them to establish their headquarters at her home in Brookline, where she was then living, if they decided to take

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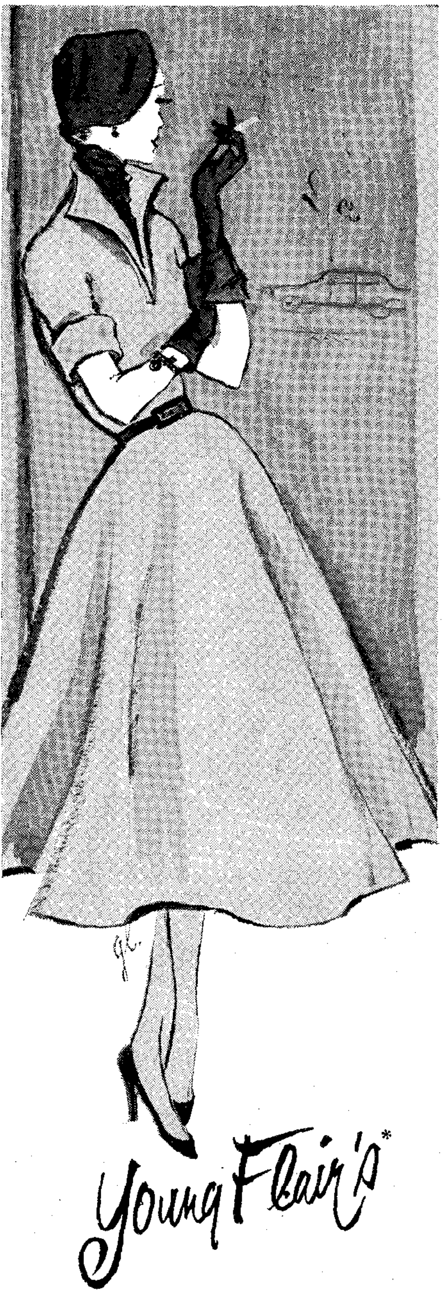

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a crack at the Eastern tournaments. An ever increasing number accepted. In July and August, the yellow frame house on Charles Street resounded with the coloratura hum of a girls' dormitory as the housemother gave careful instructions on what tournaments to enter, how to line up partners, where to stay on the circuit stops, what clothes to wear, how much to tip waiters, what evening invitations were preferable, and, last but not least, how to improve their tennis. The letter from Suzanne was the little shove Mrs. Wightman needed to expand her activities from a national to an international scale. "I'd been thinking for a long time that women tennis players in various countries would like to get to know each other," she said recently. "Hearing from Suzanne, whom I had never met, crystallized my feeling that it was time to do something about organizing an international team match for women, along the lines of the men's Davis Cup. I mentioned this idea to Mr. Myrick, of the Lawn Tennis Association, and told him that if they wanted a trophy for such an event, I'd be more than glad to donate one. Mr. Myrick told me to go right ahead." The next week Mrs. Wightman walked into N. G. Wood & Sons, on Park Street in Boston, and bought, for three hundred dollars, a tall silver cup, on which she had engraved "Challenge Cup—Ladies Team Match." "It wasn't exactly the type I had in mind," Mrs. Wightman has said of the trophy, which is always referred to as the Wightman Cup, although her name does not appear on it. "I wanted something more graceful—something more classical and flowing and urnlike. But it was the only thing that Wood had on hand, and by nature I'm a purchaser and not a shopper."

Upon receipt of the Wightman Cup, the U.S.L.T.A. sounded out the tennis associations of the countries that supported Davis Cup teams. Most of the replies were apathetic, pointing out that the project would be very expensive. In 1923, four years after Mrs. Wightman had presented the trophy, and when she was in California, the first Wightman Cup match was cooked up. The new stadium of the West Side Tennis Club, in Forest Hills, had been completed that summer, and the U.S.L.T.A. was pondering a distinguished opening event when someone remembered that a group of England's best women players was on its way across the Atlantic to play in our tournaments, and someone else remembered the Wightman Cup. In a ship-to-shore exchange of radiograms, an international match—England vs. the United States—was arranged. The

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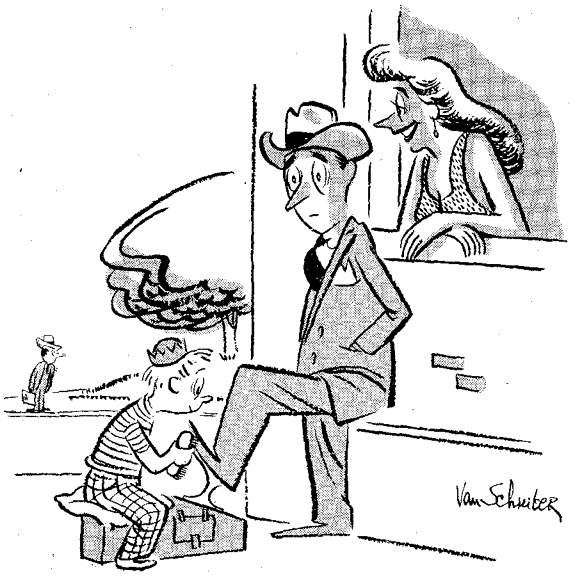

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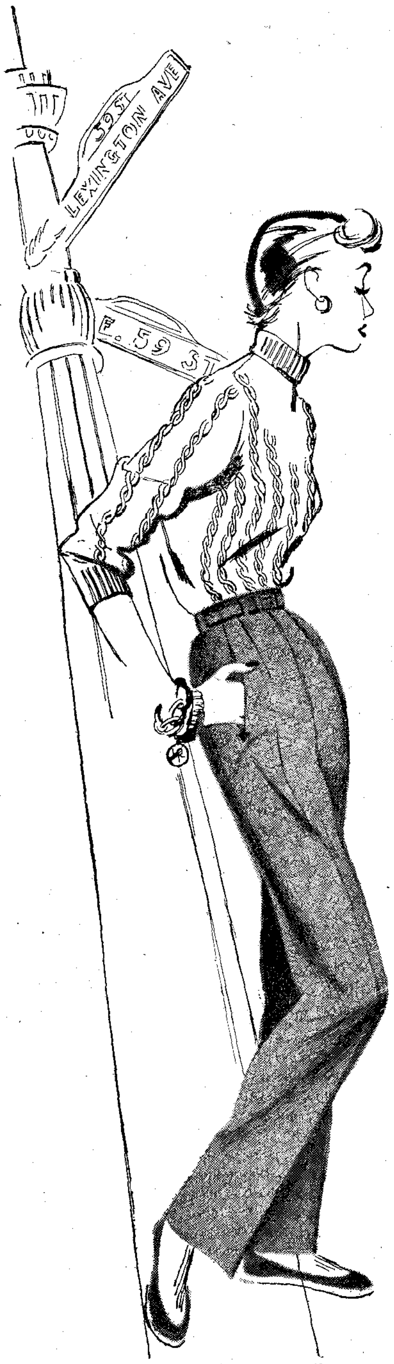

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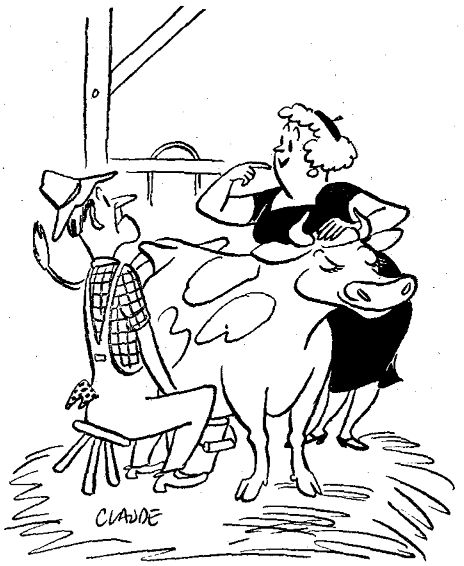
first word Mrs. Wightman received of these developments was a telegram informing her that she had been selected to represent the United States in a Wightman Cup match and requesting her to return to New York immediately. When her train reached Albany, she bought the New York *Tribune* and learned that she had been appointed captain of an American team consisting of Helen Wills, Molla Mallory, Eleanor Goss, and herself. The first Wightman Cup match—they are two-day affairs—took place at Forest Hills on August 11, 1923. A close contest had been predicted, but on the opening day the American side took two singles matches and one doubles match, and on the second day swept the remaining three singles and the second doubles, to make the final score 7–0. In 1924, when the match was held at Wimbledon (England is host on even-numbered years), Mrs. Wightman paired with Helen Wills to win the first doubles contest, the only point gained by the American team. In 1931, Mrs. Wightman made her last appearance as the playing captain of the American team. She served as non-playing captain, off and on, until 1949, when, believing she had been captain long enough, she asked to be relieved and nominated Mrs. Marjorie Gladman Buck to succeed her.

The Wightman Cup series was an extremely even rivalry through 1930. England and America split the first eight meetings. Then, as has been the constant trend in Anglo-American sports competitions, the American teams began to assert a progressively marked superiority. Since the revival of the series in 1946, following a six-year shutdown during the war, the English have provided little more than the trappings of opposition. After watching the first of these runaways, in which the American side did not lose a set, Mrs. Wightman became worried over the steep decline of English tennis. She shipped instruction films to England and later gave talks and demonstrations all over the country, and encouraged the members of the American squad to do the same. "Those English girls need someone to wake them up," she told a friend. "None of their own players are stimulating them. What we're doing may help them turn out some real good players. At least, it's bound to get a lot of girls to take up tennis and open up the full life for them. They've got too many governesses over there, anyhow."

MRS. WIGHTMAN'S activities annually come to their busiest bubble during the third week of August, when



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the United States Doubles Championships are held at the Longwood Cricket Club, eight deep lobs from the rambling, brown-shingled house on Suffolk Road, in Chestnut Hill, where Mrs. Wightman has lived since 1940. To the girls who flock to the tournament, an invitation to stay with Mrs. Wightman is regarded as the equivalent of an invitation to quit the Wardman Park and move into Blair House, and in order to devote her full energies to the players who come to stay with her, Mrs. Wightman that week cancels all outside lessons and demonstrations and her regular twelve hours of Red Cross work, and gets down to the business of running a small hotel, in addition to playing in the veterans' division and directing the women's part of the doubles. During National Doubles Week this year, Mrs. Wightman had fourteen guests, not counting a few itinerants who knocked on the screen door late at night and were given improvised lodging. Doris Hart and Shirley Fry shared one upstairs bedroom, Margaret Osborne du Pont, Louise Brough, and Thelma Long (of Australia) another; Maureen Connolly and Anita Kanter roomed together in a third; Sachiko Kamo, the Japanese champion, and Joan and Andy Ross-Dilley, the English twins, were assigned cots on the closed-in porch; the ping-pong table was moved to one corner of the basement game room, and Kay Hubbell, Lois Felix, and Connie Bowan were moved in. During the tournament week, Mrs. Wightman rises at six o'clock, a half hour earlier than usual. While her housekeeper, Mollie Lennon, squeezes orange juice for fourteen or more breakfasts, Mrs. Wightman, after raking the leaves from her lawn and checking her garden, jumps into her Studebaker and collects the day's provisions. On her return, she stations herself at the frying pan until the last breakfasters have been fed and packed off to their matches. Lunch is staggered, the girls showing up whenever their schedules allow. Dinner is early, communal, and vocal, and after it is over, Mrs. Wightman goes down to the basement and a Bendix washing machine. She regards the Bendix as a touchy instrument that needs an experienced operator, and there is a firm understanding in the house that while guests may iron their clothes, nobody washes them except Mrs. Wightman. Around eight, Chestnut Hill neighbors, beaux, male competitors, old Longwood hands, and star-struck pupils start dropping in, and for the next hour or so the decibel rate (often helped along by Mrs. Wightman's strenuous piano work

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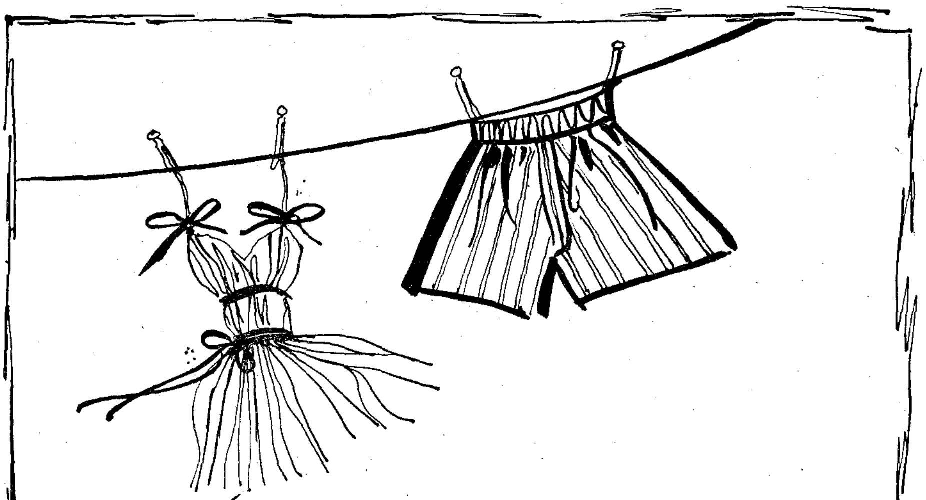

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There's a Treasure of Pleasure in Sunny ALABAMA

on the "Maple Leaf Rag") and the floor load of the house go up enormously. When the traffic has returned to normal, Mrs. Wightman is ready for a nice long tennis talk. To make certain that she doesn't loll about at any time during the day, she scratches memos to herself on a blackboard in the pantry, and so is able to remember to drive to St. Joseph's Cemetery to water the flowers on Mr. Lennon's grave, to bake two batches of brownies and Toll House cookies, and to send off a dozen or so postcards, a supply of which she carries in her purse. "Sometimes I get discouraged," a young guest just back from a quarter-finals match once said exhaustedly, as she watched Mrs. Wightman dart through the living room in galvanic pursuit of some chore. "Mrs. Wightie's always talking about the full life that tennis is supposed to open up, and when I first saw her version of it, I almost thought a girl would be better off on the sidelines, sipping iced tea in a picture hat. But if you're around her for more than a minute, you end up thinking it's the only way to live." Mrs. Wightman's impassioned improvement of each shining hour has also been celebrated more formally. At the conclusion of their stay on Suffolk Road during tournament week in 1940, Pauline Betz and her mother had a try at commemorating in verse the indefatigable Zip Zip of their hostess. The Betzes tabulated her dawn-till-midnight schedule in nine frenetic stanzas, and then, still puffing a little, added as an earnest epilogue:

No matter where our footsteps go,
Wherever we may roam,
For us there'll never be a place
Like Mrs. Wightman's home.

—Herbert Warren Wind

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.
(DIVISION OF REASONABLE EXCEPTIONS)

[*Westbrook Pegler in the Journal-American*]

In raising the question of the responsibility for the dangerous position of our country in relation to Soviet Russia my motives have been above mere political partisanship or personal feeling toward any individual except Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry Hopkins, who were rascals and should be held in loathing by Americans forever.

•

No Victims of heat prostration were reported by any of the hospitals of the Columbia area, but the reply at each was, "None today, sir, but I'm as hot as hades myself."—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

Verily?

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

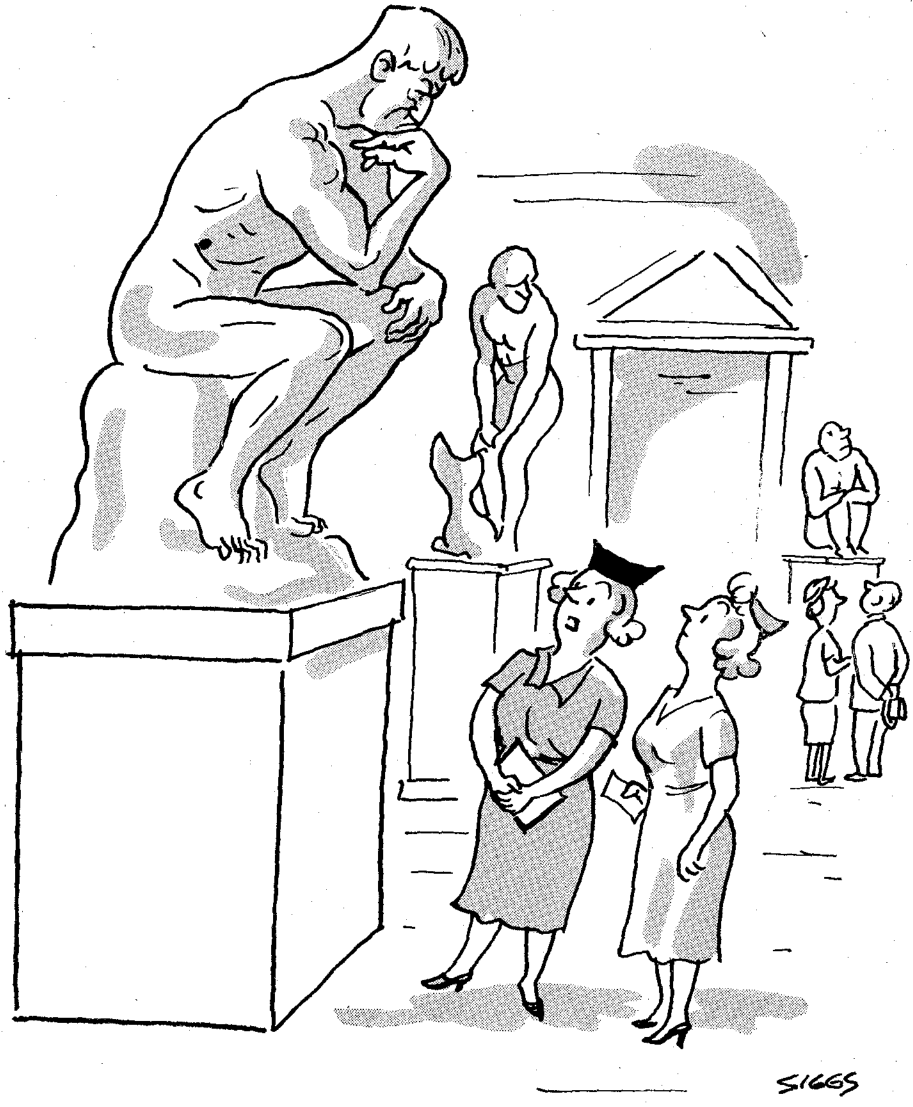
ANTIQUES
LASZLO

A BACHELOR acquaintance told me with smug satisfaction the other day that at least fifty per cent of his domestic problems had been effectively solved by a service called Linens of the Week, a fairly new concern that rents linens for the home. Since I don't know this man well enough to take his say-so on anything involving housekeeping standards, I reluctantly concluded that if I wanted to find out how good Linens of the Week really is, there was nothing for it but to pay a visit to the company's plant, at 350 Gerard Avenue, the Bronx. Well, it turns out to be a remarkable setup, not only equipped with the most modern stainless-steel appliances but efficiently run and admirably clean. Before I go into what the Linens of the Week premises look like, though, maybe I had better explain how the outfit functions.

Its operation is a great deal like that of the various diaper-rental companies, which flourish prodigiously now but were looked upon with distrust when they first appeared. At the outset, the linen people furnish whatever household linens the customer needs, no matter how little or how much, and thereafter, once a week, on the same day and at approximately the same hour, the company's driver collects the used linen and delivers a clean supply. In most cases, the driver is given a key to the apartment, so the exchange can be effected while the householder is at his office. Naturally, this arrangement is made only at the request of the customer, but it appears to work out fine; there has never been a complaint of theft or other indiscretion on the part of the route men, who are bonded. Since the same number of the same items are usually required week after week, the financial end of the arrangement is easily taken care of by a check left with the outgoing bundle or by a monthly payment in advance.

The laundry methods employed on Gerard Avenue seem to me hard to beat. The linen is washed and rinsed in seven waters, four of which are hot enough to kill any known bacteria, and when it finally emerges from the washing machines and the electrically operated driers, pressers, and folders, it has no chlorine smell. The people who operate these machines are reassuringly clean—with a cleanliness that isn't just a matter of a clean uniform. I watched a number of bundles being checked and wrapped for delivery, and could see that the finished work was distinctly above the average of the so-called hand laundry.

Of course, one of the most important factors in a rental service of this kind is the quality of the linen furnished, and after inspecting what must have been tons of Linens of the Week's supplies I can say that theirs is, if not the best quality, at least surprisingly good. The sheets and pillowcases are not percale, and that unquestionably is a disadvantage, but they are of the finest-quality muslin, being 140-count, which is the best grade below percale. Sheets come in standard widths for single or double beds, and can be had in either medium length or extra long, at twenty cents each; cases for standard-size pillows are nine cents. The bath towels and bathmats are made by the Cannon and the Dundee companies and are of good absorbency and adequate size; the charge is eight cents for the towels and fifteen cents for the mats. Heavy cotton huck face towels are six cents, and excellent dish towels, which are thirty-five per cent linen and sixty-five per cent cotton, are five cents. All the items except the dish towels, which have bright-yellow stripes, are white with a yellow thread woven into the selvage—the only identification mark. Not the least advantage of the service over the conventional laundry is the fact that you never, *never* get back a torn piece of linen. Every article is inspected for tears or holes, and if any are found, the sheet, pillowcase, or whatever is immediately retired from



"I know the type. All you'd ever get out of him would be 'We can't afford it'!"

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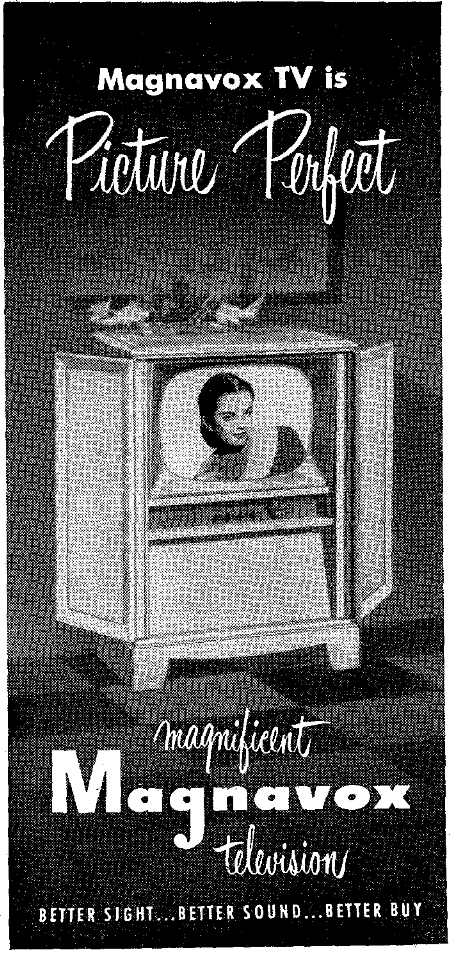

active duty. Obviously, Linens of the Week is not for the housekeeper who takes pride in her linen closet, but for men or women who keep office hours and have little time to squander on domestic chores, or for young people dedicated to a budget, this looks like a sensible arrangement—economical, sanitary, and extraordinarily convenient.

I SHALL now extend a helping hand to the young mother who is—or thinks she is—overwhelmed by the sudden accumulation of unfamiliar duties. This somewhat pompous claim is based upon my recent introduction to the Infant Formula Laboratory Service, 3483 Fort Hamilton Parkway, Brooklyn, a concern that prepares and delivers to the home, as well as to hospitals, the formulas of bottle-fed babies. I made my way to the Brooklyn address—I am now resigned to the fact that the location of anything known as a service is almost invariably remote—and found a scientifically designed and clinically clean laboratory, housed in its own small building. The formulas are prepared by registered nurses, under the supervision of a physician. They are made up in individual batches, in accordance with a written prescription furnished by the baby's pediatrician, and a card bearing the infant's name and prescription is kept with the formula throughout every step of the process, from the mixing of the ingredients to the final delivery. The bottles and their tinfoil covers are sterilized before the bottles are filled, and afterward they are treated to what is known as the terminal method of sterilization, in which the filled and capped bottles are placed in an impressive-looking machine called an autoclave and subjected to two hundred and thirty degrees of steam heat for twenty minutes. This treatment, I am told, reduces the film that inevitably forms on heated milk and clogs up nipples. The bottled formula is then cooled gradually to below fifty degrees, in a refrigerated room, and packed in refrigerated trucks for delivery. When the service begins, a set of glass bottle caps and clogproof nipples is supplied to the customer (their sterilization is her responsibility), and with each delivery comes a sterilized nursing bottle containing sterilized water and, if the customer requests it, an empty, sterilized nursing bottle for orange juice. Deliveries are made every other day at a prearranged time, and, as you might expect, doorstep deliveries are not permitted. The charge for whatever quantity of formula is prescribed by the pediatrician is $5.25 a week in Brooklyn, and $7 a week in Manhattan, Queens, and the Bronx. The prices I have quoted apply to formulas in general use; those calling for such things as goat's milk or soybean derivatives are slightly more costly.

The Walker-Gordon Laboratory, 110 Hudson Street, which used to make all kinds of formulas for babies—it nourished several generations of them—now limits itself, aside from its regular output of certified milk, to the preparation of sour-milk formulas for infants with unusual needs in the way of proteins and lactic acids. These formulas are delivered to the home in sealed quart bottles, at fifty cents a quart. As a convenience to travelling babies, Walker-Gordon is prepared to furnish an ice-packed case containing the formula in twelve individual feeding bottles; the insulated, ice-packed case is $5, the bottles are thirty cents apiece (you don't have to take a dozen if you don't need that many), and there is a service charge of $1.25.

WHILE I am attempting to do handsomely by the young mother, I should not overlook a minor item that should prove a considerable convenience to her. Why the disposable feeding bib wasn't invented before now is hard to understand, but here it finally is, at Altman, where, I predict, it will be pounced upon by everybody concerned with the messy business of infant feeding. As such accessories go, it isn't bad-looking, being made of several layers of soft white paper that has the feel of fine nainsook; it's about ten inches long and is bound in bright red and decorated with a spirited cat outlined in red stitching. A box of sixty bibs is $3.

A RECENT report in these columns on places that board dogs and otherwise cater to them has brought me enough inquiries from owners of cats and birds who want to park their protégés at reliable hostels to make me wonder whether the zeal people show in acquiring pets isn't more than equalled by their eagerness to get rid of them. Ever anxious to oblige—up to a certain point—I have informed myself of a perfectly splendid bird boarding house. As for cats, I refuse to become involved, knowing well enough whom they would blame if things went wrong.

Besides, no cat owner has shown the desperate urgency of one bird owner, who writes that she will be forced to cancel her passage on the Ile-de-France if a summer home is not found for her canary.

It is highly improbable that there would be complaints from any guest of Pearl McCullough's Clubhouse and Sanatorium for Birds, at 200 West 69th Street—as competently and cheerfully run an establishment as you are likely to find. The premises look from the outside like any pet shop, but inside there is none of the vaguely unhappy atmosphere that pervades most such concerns. Three or four dozen immaculately clean cages are ranged around the room, most of them occupied by birds who are singing—or talking—their heads off; all these vivacious *pensionnaires* are listened to with the most attentive interest by Miss McCullough and her one assistant. Indeed, if I could think of any disadvantage of the Clubhouse and Sanatorium, it would be that the birds might return to private life unbearable egocentrics after the unfailing admiration the management accords their every trill and bon mot. Most of the current boarders are parrots or canaries, but there are a number of vivid parakeets and a couple of very handsome myna birds. The two mynas look exactly alike but have startlingly different voices; one, owned by a woman, has a pretty, feminine speech, and the other, a man's pet, speaks in a deep baritone. One of the parrots has been boarding at the club for fourteen years (a parrot's board and lodging is $4 a week); its owner has come periodically to take it away, but on each occasion she has concluded that her pet is much happier on Sixty-ninth Street, where it meets such interesting birds, and has let it stay on at the club. To my outraged amazement (I am militantly anti-pigeon), I counted five great, arrogant pigeons—ordinary street pigeons—each in a commodious cage of its own (pigeon board is also $4 a week) and provided with the menu of its choice. All these pigeons had been rescued from some horrid fate; one had been run over by a taxi in which its benefactor was riding, and was taken to the sanatorium to have a leg mended. Although it appeared to me quite well enough to go back to the steps of St. Patrick's, or wherever its beat was, it just stays comfortably on, week after week.

The most talented performer among all these gifted talkers and warblers is not a paying guest but a small parakeet, with exquisite pale-blue plumage, who

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is owned by the proprietor and was taught by her to be a fairly lively conversationalist. Unlike the Chicago parakeet reported on elsewhere in this magazine some weeks ago, this one hasn't anything very important to say; he seems to have no political views, he can't quote Shakespeare, and he has never had a tape recording made of his conversation. He usually starts the ball rolling in a small, barely audible whisper, with "I am a parakeet, erroneously called a lovebird. I have a vocabulary of five hundred words," but most of his performance is terribly sentimental, not to say silly. He is coaching a boarder in an adjacent cage—a small aqua-colored parakeet, who is beginning to mumble a few words.

Despite all this diverting talent, the routine of the club is strictly adhered to; every morning, cages are cleaned and spread with fresh paper, bins are filled with seed or other indicated diet, water tanks are washed and refilled, and so on. During the afternoon, around teatime, ladyfingers, grapes, bananas, cherries, hard-boiled eggs, and other treats are distributed. Charges for board run from $1.50 a week for canaries to $7 a week for myna birds, who expect—and get—eggs or fruit three or four times a day. Outpatients suffering from asthma, tumors, broken legs, and such misfortunes are frequently brought in for treatment; most medical services cost about a dollar.

Talk of birds—even birds in cages—leads me to speak of a fascinating instrument of very recent invention that is sold for a dollar at the headquarters of the National Audubon Society, 1000 Fifth Avenue (81st). It is about the size and shape of a lipstick, and is made in two parts, one metal and one wood; when these are twisted first one way and then the other, they produce a sound that closely resembles the chirping of birds. The thing doesn't attempt to imitate any special bird but just attracts birds in general. This, I can testify, it does most effectively, for I tried one in the country not long ago and it fetched a mixed company of wood thrushes and robins, almost out of their minds with frustrated curiosity, to within two or three yards of the doorstep where I was standing. —S. H.

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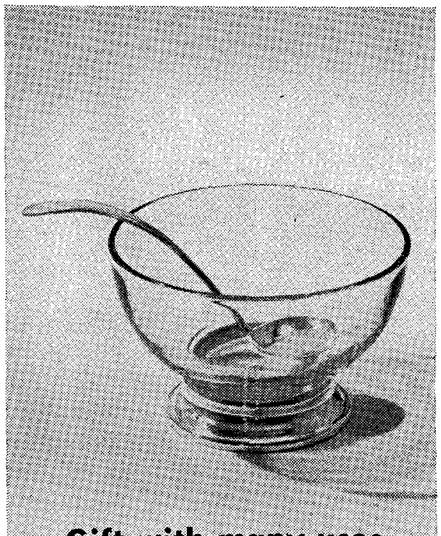
DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the Shreveport* (*La.*) *Times*]

Sen. Robert Ainsworth said setting up the state's portable electric chair in parish courthouses and holding executions while offices are open causes a great deal of confusion.



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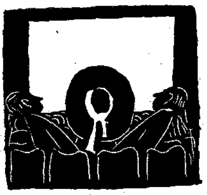
From the Other Side



"CASQUE D'OR" is an arresting and disturbing, if not entirely satisfactory, French film about apache love and corruption in Paris at the beginning of the century. The story—by Jacques Becker, who also directed the picture, and Jacques Companeez—is simple and stylized, and manages to convey an air of inevitable tragedy by its very simplicity and stylization. It would be unfair of me to tell exactly what happens to the toutish, snappily dressed thieves and their pals who are dealt with here, but from the moment one meets them, one knows that they are as doomed as doomed can be—their leader, Leca, a sadistic, sybaritic petty tyrant; Marie, a beautiful blond lady of pleasure, whose towering golden helmet of a hairdo gives the film its title; Raymond, a bandit with purity of soul; and Manda, a young and somewhat overly heroic carpenter, whose fatal attraction to Marie is matched only by her fatal attraction to him. The passionate conflicts between Leca, the tyrant, and Manda, the carpenter; between Raymond, the pure one, and Leca, the tyrant; and between Marie, the desirable, and Leca, the tyrant, are primitive and inexorable. There is no way out for these people, and at the Grand Guignol finish practically all hands are dead and those who are still alive are anything but happy.

I would say that M. Becker has perhaps taken too leisurely a pace in unravelling his fateful story, but he has succeeded in re-creating a period and a mood with authenticity and feeling. Where "Casque d'Or" triumphs is in its background details rather than in its broad strokes. M. Becker's camera is at all times a marvellously perceptive instrument, picking its way through dingy Parisian back streets, through barren stretches of tenements on the outskirts of the city, and in and out of noisy neighborhood cafés and outdoor pavilions, cheap hotels, hideously overdecorated apartments, and police stations. (The gendarmes are more inept than the Keystone cops, and almost as funny.) Several scenes are notable—the interior of a horse-drawn police van with its cruel, low-ceilinged, one-man cells; a breath-taking and swiftly executed knifing behind a café; and a few quiet and tender moments of romance at a farmhouse near Paris. The cast is superior. In contrast to the faceless celebrities in our own celluloid heaven, most of its members have distinctive, and in some cases unforgettable, features, and M. Becker has made his camera search these features and reflect their most minute changes of expression. Simone Signoret, as Marie; Claude Dauphin, as Leca; Serge Reggiani, as Manda; and Raymond Bussières, as Raymond, all seemed to me to distinguish themselves by the not so simple expedient of acting as though they were human beings. Odette Barency, as an untidy and wonderful old farm woman, and an unidentified fat, uninhibited carriage driver were especially natural and delightful in minor roles.

TWO new British films are worthy of modest attention. One, "The Ivory Hunter," is a semi-documentary of the struggles encountered by a young game warden who has dedicated himself to the establishment of a national park and game sanctuary in the Kenya country of East Africa. No one—least of all the animals—will give him the slightest coöperation, and when he isn't meeting resistance from colonial authorities, ivory poachers, and the natives, he and his wife and child are beset by enraged elephants, rhinos, lionesses, snakes, spiders, and leopards, none of whom seem to recognize a friend when they see one. The scenes of the African countryside are excellent, if monotonous, and the pictures of the animals leave little to be desired, provided one desires pictures of animals.

The other picture, "Brandy for the Parson," is a lighthearted, slow-moving farce involving some amiable young people who find themselves running a consignment of brandy past British customs. Since almost everyone in the picture seemed to have his mouth filled with water biscuits, a good deal of the dialogue escaped me, but what I heard I liked.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

WHAT PAGE OF LOUIS BUDENZ D'YA READ?

[*From "The Cry Is Peace," by Louis Budenz*]

Poland was not lost in Poland, but in our nation's capital, through the influence of such traitors as Alger Hiss and such innocents as Edward Stettinius. —*Page vii.*

The Soviet armies came into control of Poland because of Stalin's betrayal in 1944 of the underground non-Communist Polish resistance to Hitler. —*Page 29.*

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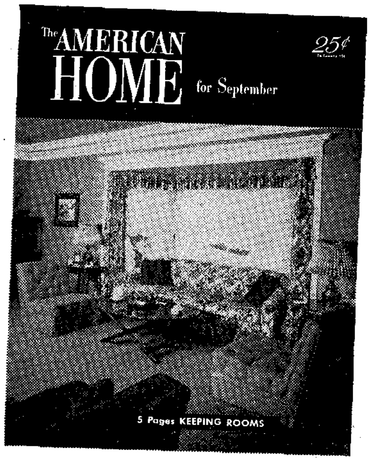
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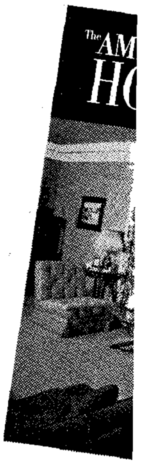
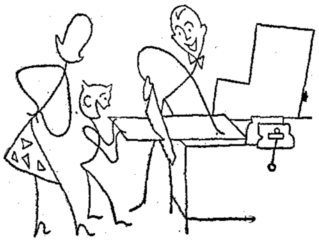
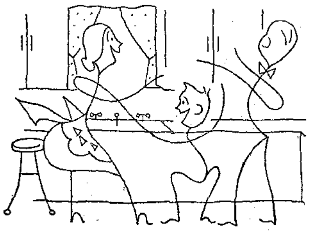




4 out of 5 were men! They sent in more than 3800 requests to a building-products manufacturer in the first 32 days after his ad, offering building information, appeared in The American Home Magazine.



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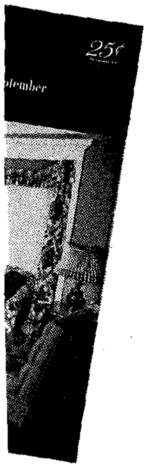

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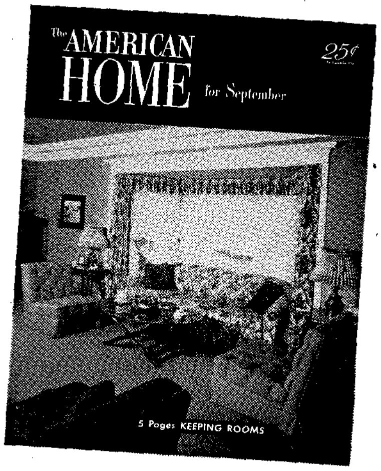
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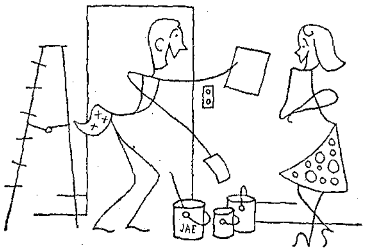

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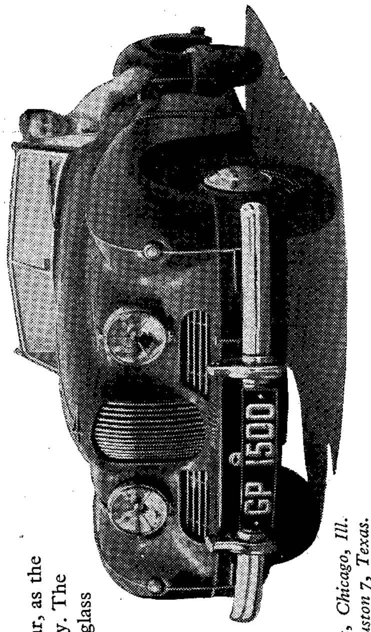

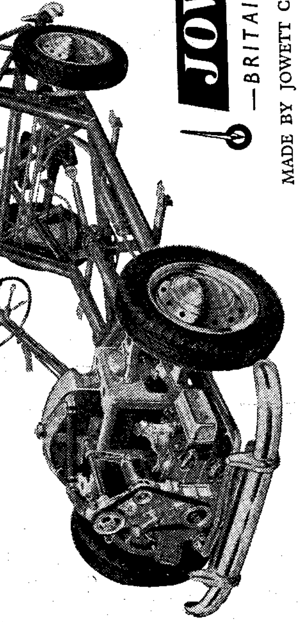

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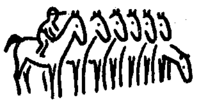


PERHAPS it's too soon to whistle "You're the Top" as the prelude to any remarks about Native Dancer, but I guess it's safe to say that Alfred Vanderbilt's gray colt will do until something better comes along. I'm sure nothing could have been more convincing than the way he made short work of the Grand Union Hotel Stakes at Saratoga last weekend, defeating Laffango, the Jersey runner with the extraordinary name, who came in second; Tahitian King, unbeaten in all four of his previous starts, who finished third; and a couple of nonentities.

Eleven two-year-olds were entered for the race, but half a dozen were withdrawn, no doubt scared away by Native Dancer. As a matter of fact, his presence was rather a surprise, because almost everyone had figured he would be saved for the Hopeful Stakes this weekend. However, he was in such good condition and high spirits after winning the Special the week before last that his stable decided he could take both the Grand Union and the Hopeful in his stride.

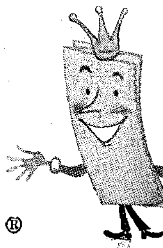
There really isn't much to say about the Grand Union, except that Laffango set a lively pace, with Tahitian King close up, for three of the six furlongs. Then Native Dancer, who had dropped back out of close quarters, moved up on the turn for home. Afterward, Guerin, who rode him, put it this way: "Horses were running on both sides of us, so I let him step along, and he took off." It was Native Dancer's fifth victory in as many starts. His time for the distance was 1:11⅕, which is remarkably fast for the Spa after all the rain it's had this month. Now, I daresay, he'll be as short-priced a favorite for the Hopeful as any we've seen in years. Also, I expect he'll win it as easily as he's won his other races. In fact, I venture to predict that, barring accidents, he won't be beaten this season. As for Tahitian King, he gave everything he had and it wasn't nearly enough. Oh, well, Jim Conway, who trains him, says he's never been able to win five straight with any horse.

I MAY have fallen into an uncritical mood (I don't know what's got into me lately), but the Saratoga Handicap also seemed a good show. Of course, One Hitter, the winner, ran poorly in the Whitney Stakes early this month—as far as that goes, he hadn't won since June—but he put in his best licks on Saturday, wearing down Bryan G., the early pacemaker, and then holding his ground against Greek Ship, who finished third, and Busanda, who took second money by a head. As you probably know, One Hitter is a little fellow—he's six years old and no bigger than some two-year-olds—and it seems to me he always does his best. I'm not so sure about Busanda. One thing, though—she likes Saratoga. She won the Alabama Stakes there in 1950, and the Saratoga Cup last August, and the other afternoon she galloped off with the Diana Handicap, the first time she'd come home in front in a twelvemonth. Maybe Saratoga water does the trick. Jim Fitzsimmons, who trains her, says it's good for man or beast, and he ought to know, for he's been going to the Spa for more than fifty years. Fitz saddled another nice winner last week—Flirtatious, in the Spinaway Stakes.

Speaking of Saratoga horses, let's not forget Tea-Maker, who won his first race there. He was five then and he's nine now; he has started ninety-five times and still runs as if he enjoyed it. Since the meeting opened, he has won two of his three starts, the last on Saturday—at five and a half furlongs, if you please. It's not often an old fellow wins such a short race. As usual, he paid fair odds.

I DON'T suppose a more undistinguished collection of two-year-olds ever ran for a hundred thousand dollars than the ones that came out for the Washington Park Futurity in Chicago last weekend. For the record, it was won by a colt named Mr. Paradise. Mr. Good was second and King Pin third, and first money was $79,710, a matter of $25,285 more than Native Dancer has won all season. The last time I saw Mr. Paradise was at Jamaica, in April, and he finished eighth, beaten by eighteen lengths. He has won twice since then. In the Futurity, he was ridden by Arcaro, who has been doing fine at Chicago this summer. Arcaro's more important successes were on Mark-Ye-Well in the Arlington Classic and the American Derby, on Real Delight in the Matron and the Beverly Handicap, on Crafty Admiral in the Whirlaway Handicap, on Mr. Good in the Arlington Futurity, and on Bubbley in the Pollyanna Stakes. That enough?

—AUDAX MINOR



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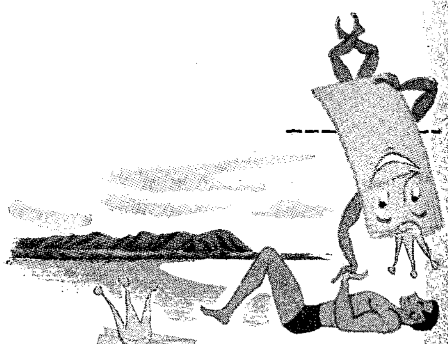

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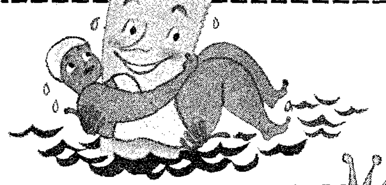

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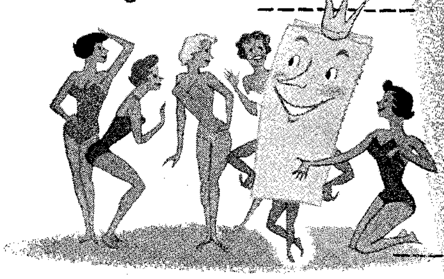

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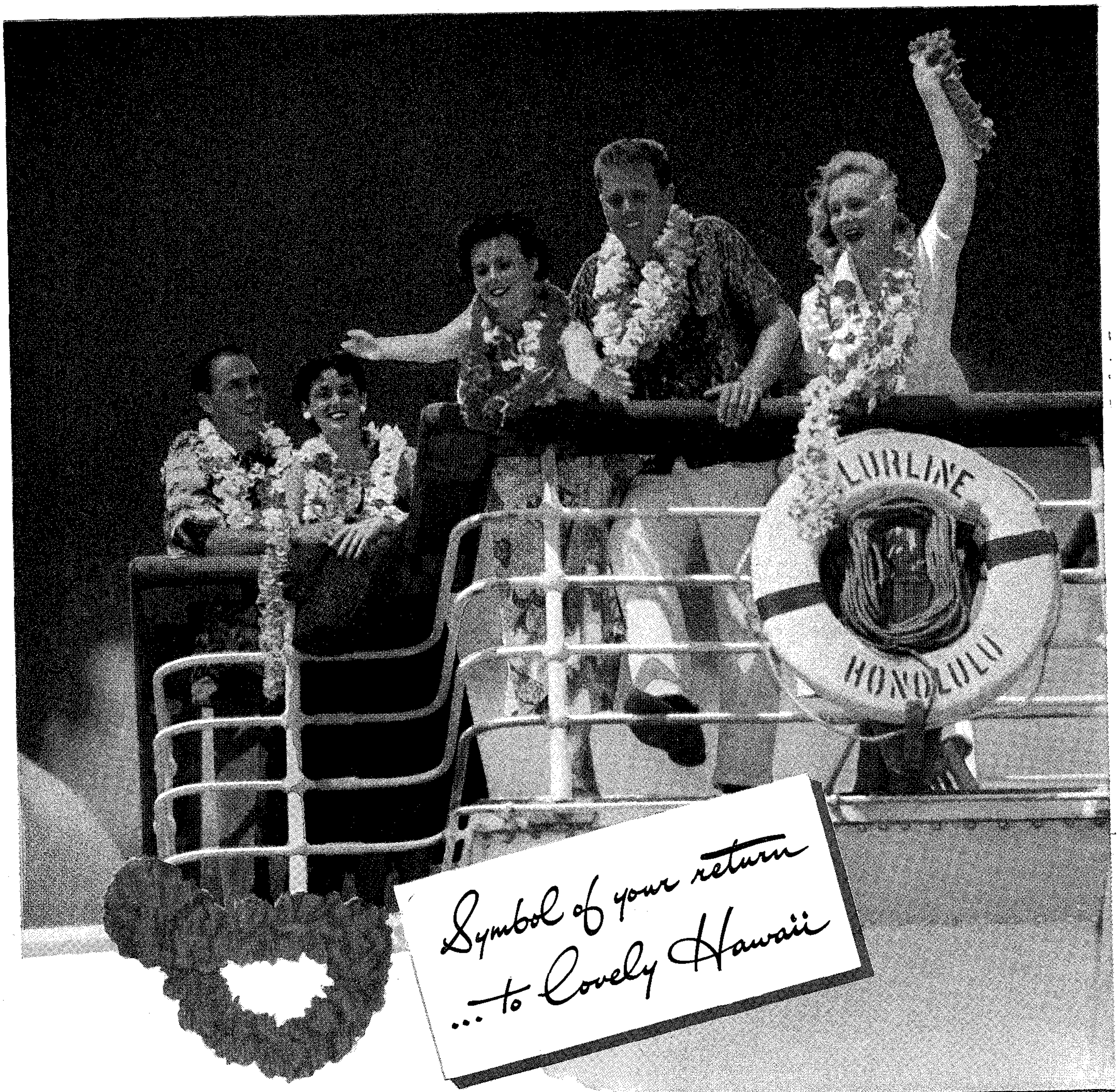

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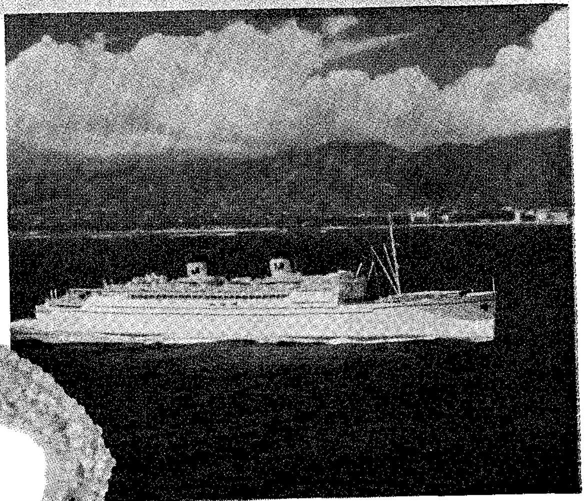

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TEA WITH THE COUNT

WHEN I visited Siena not long ago, I had with me a letter of introduction to a Count, a resident of that city, whom I'll call Agostino Falli-Silva. I had earlier said to a Florentine lady I know that I hoped to see the famous Francesco di Giorgio chapel in the Falli-Silva Palace, and she had volunteered to write the letter for me. "Though it isn't really necessary," she had said. "Poor Tino would be glad to see you anyway. He adores foreigners. Call at about four o'clock. He is always at home then. It will be nice for you to know somebody in Siena. It's a gloomy city."

Two afternoons later, at a few minutes after four, I went up to the door of the Palazzo Falli-Silva and handed my note to the elderly manservant who answered my ring. As I waited in the entry hall for the Count, I reflected that my friend had been right about Siena. The dark-red medieval buildings and the old, twisting streets were sombre indeed, and I looked forward to hearing the sound of a friendly voice.

In a short while, Count Falli-Silva came into the hall and greeted me courteously. He was a tall, extremely slender man of about forty, who spoke good, unaccented English. His head was long and narrow, and his nose was long and very thin. He wore thick, silver-rimmed glasses over bulging eyes, and his hair, sprinkled with gray, had receded almost halfway across the top of his head. He looked, in fact, like what he was—the last of an ancient line. In the thirteenth century, a Falli-Silva had led the Sienese to victory over the Florentines at Pisa; in the fifteenth century, a Falli-Silva, recognizing genius, had commissioned Francesco di Giorgio to construct and decorate a chapel in the palace; and at the close of the sixteenth century, a Falli-Silva had been Pope. But then the lustre had begun to fade.

The Count indicated that I was to precede him down a vaulted stone corridor. "I know you are eager to see our chapel," he said. "Then we shall have some tea."

At the end of the corridor, he opened a pair of high wooden doors and unlocked an iron grille behind them. Then, stepping through the doorway, he switched on a set of lights; following him, I saw that we were in the chapel. The lights were powerful and illuminated it admirably. Francesco di Giorgio designed it in the style of the early Renaissance and then, being a genius almost as versatile as Leonardo, frescoed it with scenes from the life of the Virgin. Unlike Leonardo, Francesco mixed his paints properly, and these frescoes are in a remarkable state of preservation. In its entirety, the chapel is one of the purest monuments of the *quattrocento*.

The Count waited patiently while I examined the chapel, although the fact that he *was* waiting patiently did not encourage me to tarry as long as I would have liked. When I reluctantly returned to him, ready to leave, he said, "I see you do not have a camera. How unfortunate! Some of my visitors have made excellent photographs of the chapel. Now and then they send them to me. They are such kind people, my visitors."

"It's very kind of *you* to take this trouble," I said.

"It is no trouble, I assure you," said the Count. "It is a great pleasure. Let me show you our loggia. It is quite a nice loggia." He led the way out of the chapel and through another door to an open gallery, the roof of which was supported by handsomely carved fourteenth-century columns. The Palazzo Falli-Silva was at the edge of the city, and from where we stood we looked at a perfect Tuscan scene—a winding river, ancient, cultivated hills, cypresses, a distant monastery. "Magnificent," I said.

"Yes," he said, "it is pretty. And now, if you don't mind, I should like to take a photograph of you."

"Of *me*?"

"Yes, if you don't mind," he said. He stepped back inside and I saw him go to a carved wooden cabinet and take out a camera. "It is such a pleasant way to remember the agreeable people who come to see me," he said. "If you will just stand there, please, against the column. Thank you very much."

I stood beside the column, and the camera clicked. "Now I know you would like some tea," he said. "If you will just come with me . . ."

THE Count replaced the camera, and then led me along the loggia and into a small room (as rooms in Renaissance palaces go) that looked like an office in Rockefeller Center. The furniture and decoration were en-

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Baltimore	Southern	Sept. 8
Buffalo	Statler	Oct. 2
Charleston	Daniel Boone	Sept. 12-13
Chicago	La Salle	Sept. 15-16-17-18
Cincinnati	Netherland Plaza	Sept. 19-20
Cleveland	Statler	Sept. 24-25
Dallas	Adolphus	Sept. 29-30
Denver	Albany	Sept. 25-26-27
Detroit	Sheraton-Cadillac	Sept. 30 Oct. 1
Evansville	McCurdy	Sept. 11
Houston	Rice	Sept. 18-19-20
Indianapolis	Lincoln	Sept. 29
Memphis	Peabody Hotel	Sept. 15
Minneapolis	Radisson	Oct. 6-7
New Orleans	Roosevelt	Sept. 16-17
Oklahoma City	Biltmore	Oct. 1-2
Philadelphia	Bellevue-Stratford	Sept. 4-5
Pittsburgh	William Penn	Sept. 22-23
Richmond	Jefferson	Sept. 11
San Antonio	Gunter	Sept. 22-23
St. Louis	Chase	Sept. 12-13
Toledo	Commodore Perry	Sept. 26
Tulsa	Mayo	Oct. 3-4
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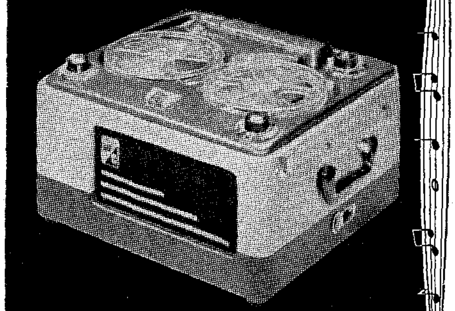

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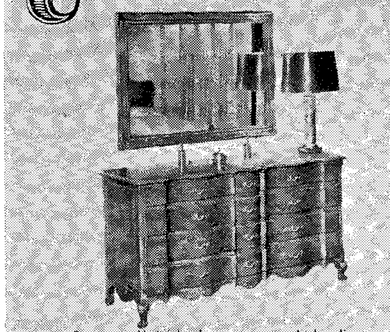

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tirely modern, and after the positive splendor of the rest of the palace, the effect was disastrous. Seeing my surprise, the Count laughed genially. "Do you like it?" he asked.

I managed to say I did.

"It *is* nice, isn't it?" he said. "I did it myself." We sat down on an uncomfortable leather-thonged couch, before which stood a bright-blond coffee table. "You do not, I hope, find Siena depressing, as so many of our visitors do?" he said.

"Not at all," I said, and went on to compound the falsehood. "It seems to me a very lively city."

"Then I hope you will be staying with us for a time?"

"Unhappily, I must return to Florence tomorrow," I said.

"Now, that is really too bad!" cried the Count. He was perceptibly cross. "People *never* stay in Siena for more than two or three days. After all, *I* have spent my *life* here."

"But I hope to come back very soon," I said soothingly. "For a longer stay."

"You will never come back." The Count's tone was gloomy. "Never. No one does." There was a brief silence. "But I shall never leave. I shall never desert Siena."

Fortunately, at that moment the old man who had opened the door to me brought in a massive silver tea tray, heavily laden, which he placed on the blond coffee table. When the question of how I took my tea had been settled, the Count asked, "From what part of America do you come?"

"New York, most recently," I said. "Have you ever been there?"

He looked as surprised as though I'd asked him if he often visited the Arctic Circle. "Not I!" he said. "But I have known many people from New York. Perhaps they are friends of yours. Let us see."

He bent down, and from a low bookshelf at his end of the couch took a thick photograph album. I saw with some nervousness that quite a good many other albums were on the shelf. "There are a number of Americans in this one," the Count said. "Let me see. Here is James Walton, New York, N.Y. Do you perhaps know him?"

I looked at a pleasant, totally unfamiliar set of features. "I don't think so," I said.

The Count turned the page. "Here are Lucille Fleming and Annabelle Klein. They are from New York, too."

"No," I said. "I'm afraid I don't know them, either."

All the photographs appeared to have been snapped on the loggia, against one or another of the columns.

"Jerry Carson," the Count went on, still turning pages. "Ah!" he cried. "Here is Mr. T. S. Eliot! Here are Mr. and Mrs. Dahl, of Wichita, Kansas! Here is Senator Bailey, Sir Arthur Prentiss, Eleanor Glassman!" He called off the names sensuously, lovingly.

I asked, "Do you photograph everyone who comes to see"—I almost said "the chapel" but caught myself in time—"to see you?"

"Oh, no," said the Count, with a sort of giggle. "Not *everyone*. Not everyone, by *any* means." He took another album from the shelf. "Now, this is the first album," he said. "You see, when I became the head of the family, I decided to keep this little record. A good idea, eh? That was 1932. In those days, a lot of Italians came. Marchese da Ponte, Signora Anselmi, and—" He pointed to a photograph of Mussolini, beneath which was written simply "Il Duce." "And *here* are Mr. and Mrs. Clark," the Count went on eagerly. "From New York." He laughed. "What a merry couple they were! This is the picture I took of them, and this is the picture Mr. Clark took of Mrs. Clark and me. Americans are the jolliest people. Luigi Pirandello. Alice Mason. Jean-Claud Stecker, of Bern. Let me fill your cup, and do have some cake."

"NOW, this one has a number of Germans in it," the Count said, taking up another volume. "I don't know whether you are well acquainted in that country? At the time, we had a great *many* German visitors. Here is Baron von Helm. Herr und Frau Lösen, of Leipzig. General Steinfurt. Ah, but here is another American. From New York. Mrs. Clara Reilly. Perhaps you know her?"

Again, I had to confess ignorance.

"Well," he said, with a sigh, "the next volume is almost entirely German *officers*. My, how many came to see me in those years! I suppose you would not really be interested in seeing their pictures?" he asked rather wistfully.

"No, not really," I said.

"No," he said. "Of course. Well, it is not a very amusing volume. I can hardly blame you. But the next one!" he cried, reaching for it. "How fascinating that is! How diversified! It begins auspiciously, as you see." The first photograph was of the fat moonface of Hermann Göring. "Now there are a few more German officials and officials of the Nazi Party, but perhaps we had best pass over those, although really Freiherr von Truben was a most entertaining gentleman, and come to Commandant Maillard. He was my first French visitor in quite some time, but after him they come thick and fast. My goodness! *Lieutenants, capitaines—qu'ils sont gentils, les Français!* Next comes Captain James, of the *British* Army. And Major Haines. He had something to do with fine arts. How pleased he was when he saw that the chapel was intact! And now you will see that the Americans begin once more. Such jolly people! Major Haines returned, and he brought with him Captain Parker, U.S.A. Here he is. That Captain Parker! You would not know him? No. Well, those were very exciting times."

The Count sighed. "The next volume is rather an anticlimax," he said. He brought it out. "Señor y Señora López, of Havana. Sue Cohnberg, of the Bronx. I believe that is not far from New York?"

"Quite near," I said.

"Yes, so Miss Cohnberg told me," said the Count. "Her mother is a dressmaker there. And here is Greta Garbo. Mrs. Spalding, of London. The Russian Ambassador—my first Russian, I believe." The Count turned the pages of the album in silence for a moment, then looked at me anxiously. "I am afraid I may bore you," he said. "And there is still another volume." He reached down to the apparently inexhaustible bookshelf.

"You are certainly not boring me," I said. "Unfortunately, I have an appointment, however."

"I'm sorry," he said, but though he would undoubtedly have liked to go through the volume with me, I could see he was satisfied. After all, he did have my photograph. I had fulfilled my function. We rose, and the Count showed me a visitors' book on a small table near the door. "If you will just sign your name here, please, and the city you live in," he said graciously. "Thank you so much."

—GORDON SAGER

•

Sutter plans to swim a 50-mile course, however, to utilize favorable winds and currents. The Texan figures on hitting the beach at Santa Monica about 4 A.M. Wednesday.

Last year he got sick seven miles from the island and gave up. He blamed food poisoning.

Persons suffering from diabetes usually are immune to seasickness.—*Los Angeles Daily News.*

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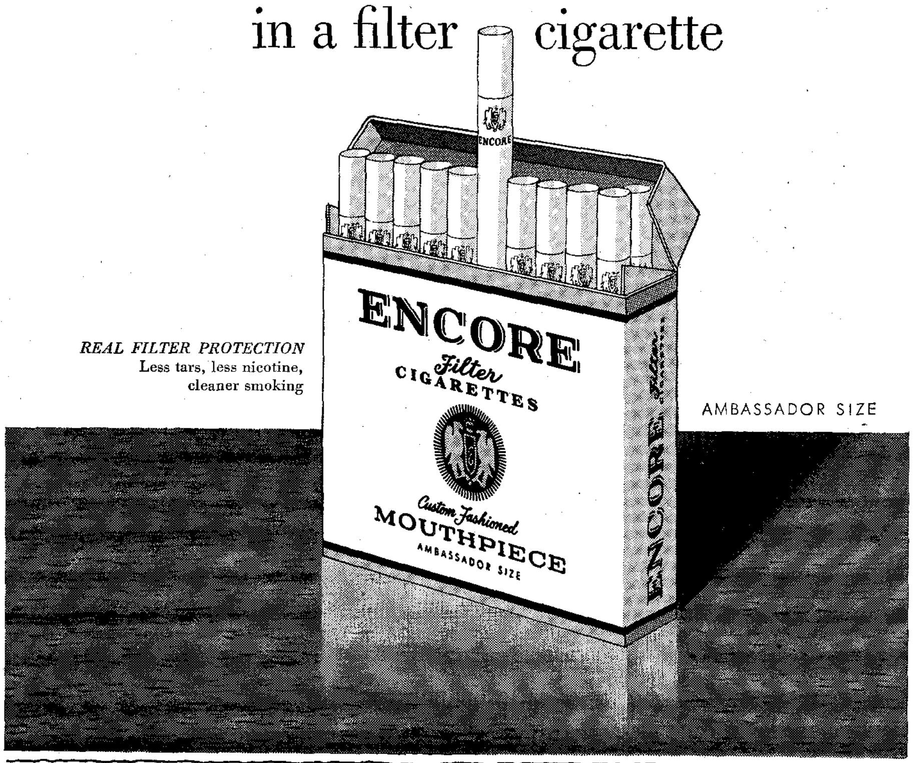

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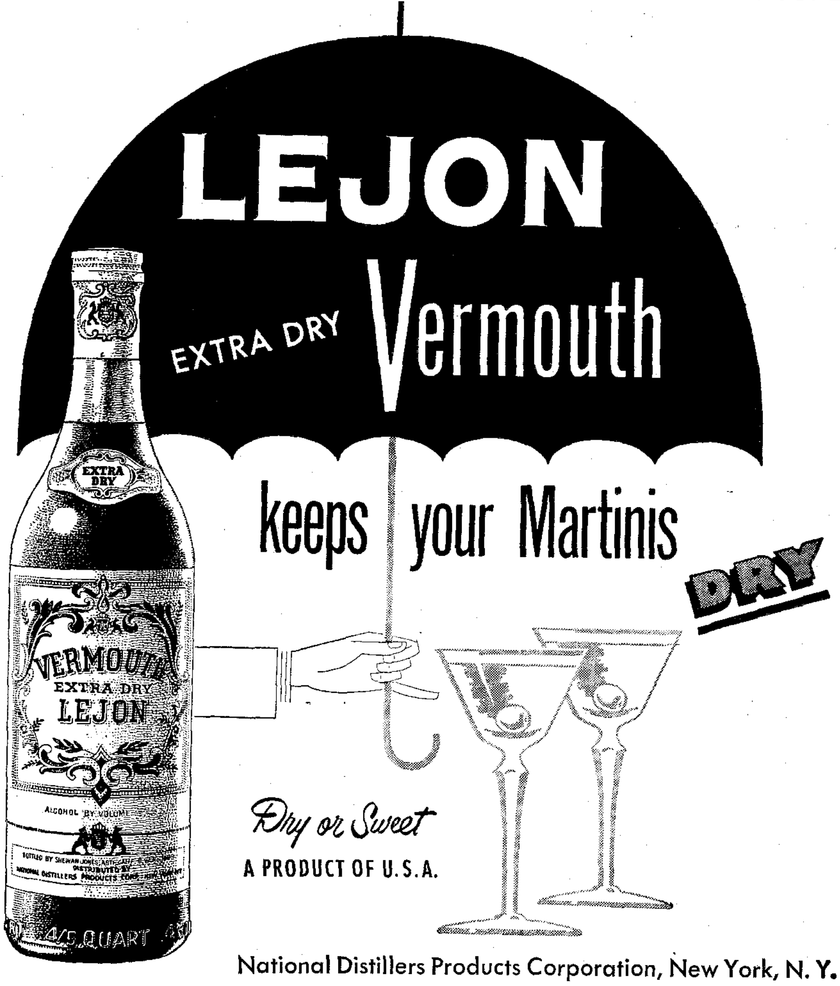

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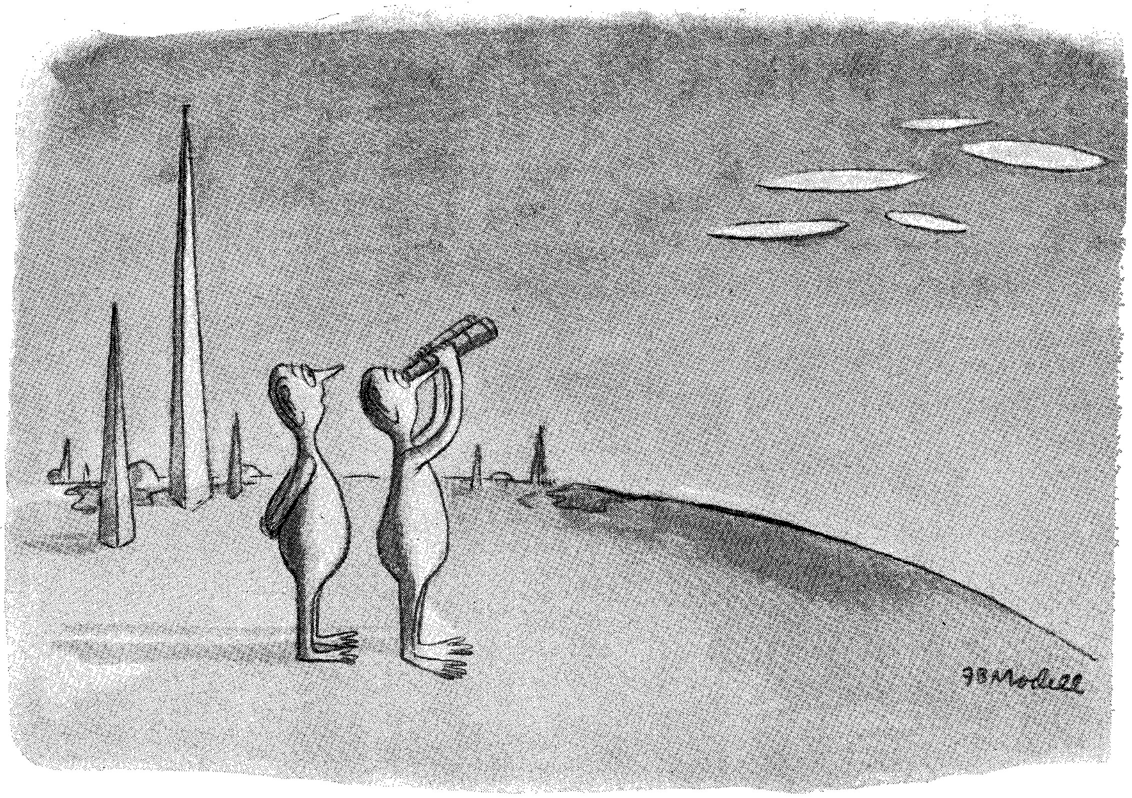
LETTER FROM LONDON

August 20

THE usual holiday crowds and the usual thundery, eccentric holiday weather have moved in together on London. Holidays and the weather, indeed, have combined to produce the principal topic of horrified discussion here—the fantastic sudden rainfall that swelled the gentle brown Exmoor streams, which thousands of vacationists annually go to admire, and brought death and ruin crashing down on the little North Devon town of Lynmouth. Because nature rarely cuts up so rough in England and because the disaster seemed particularly macabre in the sleepy calm of the West Country, the national shock has been great.

In London, in spite of the swarming foreign tourists and visitors up from the provinces, an end-of-the-season lull in everything but entertainment has set in. The political scene is currently empty, Parliament having gone into recess after a session that nobody feels did much to enhance the reputation of either Government or Opposition. In the big farewell debate before the dispersal, the Government lost face, according to disappointed Conservative comments, because the Prime Minister's clarion call to Parliament and the nation to come and hear the worst about the economic situation turned out to have been ludicrously portentous when the worst, as unfolded by Mr. Butler, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was no more than an embarrassed minor toot on all too familiar themes. The usual recitations of still more cuts in imports, which the Chancellor this time sandwiched between modestly hopeful news about the sterling and coal situations, now mean less than nothing to the average fed-up citizen, who has come to accept such official pronouncements as the natural accompaniment to life in these islands—something unpleasant but inevitable, like the English climate. Maybe later in the year, when housewives begin to see in the shops the effects of the new cuts on unrationed imported foodstuffs—at the moment, no such effects are visible—there may be grumbling, but in the atmosphere of anticlimax following the debate there was not even that.



"On the other hand, they may be something atmospheric."

There has been, however, considerable discussion, both among ordinary Britons and in agitated newspaper editorials, of what the Government meant by the announcement in the same debate that there would be "a new pattern of defense," a phrase that left people wondering whether the nation was aiming for safety or solvency, and exactly how the one was to be snipped to fit in with the other. Though they did not expect the Prime Minister to tell them and Russia precisely where the pattern is to be scaled down, lots of Britons feel that since they have given up a good deal to see the defense program along to its present state, they should have a clearer idea of what the Government's declaration (which drew unusual hearty cheers from the Bevan quarter of the House—support that diehard Tories certainly view with fury) really amounts to.

All in all, the one part of the record compiled by the Conservatives in their ten months in office which most citizens regard approvingly is the brisk handling of the housing program. The fact that it was not even faintly squeezed in the recent series of economic pinches was taken as a victory for the forceful Minister of Housing, Mr. Harold Macmillan (the first Minister to be appointed solely to that job, which formerly came under the jurisdiction of the Ministry of Health), who apparently convinced the Treasury that it was essential to put a roof over the nation's head even if its feet are, in Mr. Churchill's much quoted phrase, on the economic trapdoor. As a reminder to the Government that it constantly used to accuse the Labour administration of living beyond the country's means, plenty of critical voices ask whether building beyond one's means is not exactly the same thing, and a piece of barefaced political popularity-seeking into the bargain. At any rate, the figures Mr. Macmillan gave in a speech the other day showed a heartening boost in the number of houses completed and begun in the first half of this year, as compared with the figures for the same period last year. Since the Conservatives got in, they have given a leg up to private building by allowing local authorities, if they wish, to split building permits fifty-fifty between public and private builders, a modification of the Socialist ratio of only one house in five to the private man (which meant, many individuals maintained, that, instead of helping to build badly needed houses, the private man kept the pot boiling by doing black-market decorating jobs on the side). Londoners are probably unluckier than other sections of the population, for the building of big blocks of flats, which use steel, has had to be indefinitely postponed.

In the country, where land is not the main problem and buildings need not rise to steel-consuming heights, the successes of the housing scheme are the People's Houses, a name given to a series of designs thought up by the Ministry's back-room architects. As viewed in miniature in an exhibition just about to be sent out on a tour of several of the big cities, these houses are pleasant-looking jobs with the additional good point of saving money, time, and building materials. (They require about ten per cent less of the last than the average small house, including five per cent less timber, which is a foreign-currency import.) Since it is cheaper to build several of the houses in a connected block or along a terrace, and the British householder generally likes to have a fence, and preferably a good high one, separating him from the neighbors, the exhibition soothingly emphasizes the fact that Georgian and Regency terraces are a noble feature of Bath and Regent's Park architecture. To judge by the growing popularity of the People's Houses, they, too, will shortly be a feature of the landscape.

THERE are plenty of interesting things to be seen in London right now. The most talked-about new British film is "The Sound Barrier," which has brilliant direction by David Lean, a screenplay by Terence Rattigan, and handsome performances by Ralph Richardson, as a North Country airplane manufacturer; Ann Todd (who is Lean's wife); and Nigel Patrick, as one of those R.A.F. characters whose vocabularies are more limited than their valor. What makes the picture remarkable, though, is that it succeeds in putting together an odd sort of poetry of supersonics, communicating to the fascinated earth-bound customers in their plush seats something of what it feels like to have a permanent love affair with speed and space. Apart from the hair-raising sequences in which the jet test pilots try to figure out a way to bust through the deadly sound barrier, there are a couple of shots that seem almost like lyrics in a new idiom—the one at the beginning, in which a fighter plane of the last war tumbles in the clouds above the Dover cliffs, like a puppy rolling in clover for the sheer hell of it, and a scene in which a young couple jaunt off by jet from England to Cairo for lunch,

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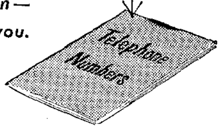

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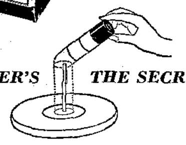

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with the Matterhorn looming up almost before they are well over Paris.

The celebrated Marlowe Society, of Cambridge University, has just given a week's performance at the Scala, a rambling old theatre in the heart of the Charlotte Street foreign-restaurant district, where it presented three days of "Romeo and Juliet" and three days of another drama of unhappy star-crossed mortals—Eliot's "The Family Reunion." The "Romeo and Juliet," which was hardly presented without cuts—"for the first time (perhaps)," as the producers cautiously claimed, since the Puritans closed the theatres in 1642—was the fiftieth production and first London appearance of the Marlowe Society, which was founded in 1908 and had at that time an enthusiastic stage manager named Rupert Brooke. As usual, the mainly undergraduate cast was stiffened by professionals, Juliet being played by the young actress Teresa Moore to the somewhat Hamlet-like Romeo of a twenty-two-year-old St. Catherine's undergraduate, Anthony White. The excellent production was notable for the agility of the swordplay, which all hands seemed to enjoy enormously, and for the diction, which, unlike that in some recent professional Shakespearean performances, enabled everyone in the audience to hear every word as Shakespeare wrote it.

An annual feature of London life has once more rolled around with the opening of the fifty-eighth season of the Henry Wood Promenade Concerts, which were started by the late Sir Henry in 1895 and for many years have been presented by the B.B.C. The Albert Hall, where the Proms have been given ever since the Queen's Hall was bombed, is a vast building, holding about eight thousand, and it is frequently jammed to the roof by the fans who come to hear the four orchestras—the London Philharmonic, the Royal Philharmonic, the London Symphony, and the B.B.C. Symphony—conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent and Basil Cameron. The main quality of the Prom audiences is the predominating flavor of youth. The "Promenaders," or non-ticket-holders, who are misleadingly named, since they pay two shillings to stand squashed and unbudging in the center of the auditorium, are chiefly young girls in cotton dresses and young men in sports jackets and flannel slacks. Their enthusiasm is tremendous, particularly for Sir Malcolm, who combines musicianship with a vivid personality. Some critics complain that most of the programs keep well on the less adventurous side of modern works and that the Promenaders applaud anything and everything like mad. One of the novelties offered at the Proms this season will be the appearance of Larry Adler, on September 6th, playing the "Romance for Harmonica, String Orchestra, and Piano" composed by Vaughan Williams, all of whose six symphonies are also being performed, as a sort of eightieth-birthday bouquet to him. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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SHOUTS WE CERTAINLY HOPE GOT SHOUTED

[*From the Washington Post*]

Two sailors rescued a couple clinging to their auto after it plunged into the Anacostia River this morning. No one injured.

The car ran over the embankment at the south end of the Eleventh Street Bridge when the driver went to sleep at the wheel. It hit two parked cars and skidded over the bank.

The driver was Herman McCall, 40, colored, of 827 Kentucky avenue S.E. With him was his wife Justine, 36.

The rescuers were Kurt Riehl, 21, a sailor at the Anacostia Naval Air Base. He lives at 4104 Oliver street, Hyattsville. The other was FT/3 Allen Clark, 21, of the Navy Receiving Station. He lives at 735 Tenth street, S.E.

Mr. McCall said he was driving home from Southern Maryland and the last thing he remembered was approaching the bridge.

He said the car stayed above water for about five minutes. It was a 1950 coupe. He said neither he nor his wife could swim. He shook her awake, he said, rolled down the windows and told her to climb out and hang on.

He said he followed her through the open window.

Mr. McCall said Mr. Clark called from the shore:

"Can you swim?"

Mr. McCall shouted that he could not and asked the sailor to help Mrs. McCall to shore. The car was sinking at the time. Mr. Clark dived into the water and brought Mrs. McCall ashore.

Mr. Riehl swam to Mr. McCall and started towing him toward shore. Half way the two men began to sink and Mr. Clark dived in and swam to their side. As the two sailors struggled to bring Mr. McCall to shore they said Mrs. McCall shouted:

"Get his head above water, he has hay fever."

•

The West End Community club will meet Thursday at the Community church. A dessert luncheon will be served at 12:30, with Mrs. C. E. Wagner in charge, election of officers will follow. A baby sitter will be in charge of a nursery for prenuptial children accompanying their mothers.—*Lewiston* (*Idaho*) *Tribune.*

How are things in the *East* End?

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE TARTAR STEPPE, by Dino Buzzati (Farrar, Straus & Young). A beautifully written novel about an officer of the Italian Army, Giovanni Drogo, who spends the entire thirty years of his military career on an isolated mountain frontier waiting for an enemy who doesn't strike until it is too late, at least for him, because he is lying in bed dying as the danger approaches. Drogo, a nice, singularly inert man, is an understandable and pitiable figure, but at the last his plight arouses only a kind of impatient indifference, as though we had been witnessing—as, in fact, we have—a well-endured lifelong sickness, which ends, as we knew it would, in a silent, dignified death. The translation, which is very good, is by Stuart C. Hood.

THE SILVER PLUME, by Arthur Meeker (Knopf). Tancrède de Rohan, the son of a seventeenth-century French duke, is brought up in Holland, and then, at the age of fourteen, taken to Paris to be recognized by his family as the legitimate successor to his father's title. His sister Margot tries to rob him of his inheritance, and succeeds in robbing him of happiness, and he dies in battle at the age of eighteen. Mr. Meeker tells this story as rapidly as possible, sketching in his characters in only the broadest outlines and permitting them only black or white motives and actions.

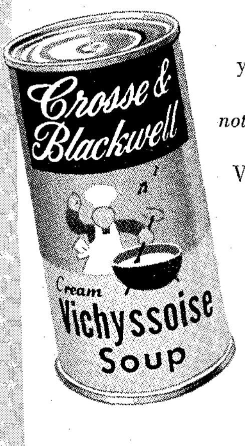
HEAVEN AND EARTH, by Carlo Coccioli (Prentice-Hall). The story of a cold and ruthless fanatic named Don Ardito, who happens to be a priest of the Catholic Church. His career is related in various letters, reports, and other documents he has written himself; by a village schoolmaster who knows him; and by others who have to do with him. Don Ardito's self-infatuation fascinates many, and destroys one or two, but in the end, through a lie, he achieves the martyrdom he has always longed for. The style is that of a writer obsessed to the point of delirium by his subject.

CHILDREN OF KAYWANA, by Edgar Mittelhölzer (John Day). A tale of life and death in British Guiana in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Most of the story is constructed around the life of Hendrickje van Groenwegel, a cruel and violent woman who is almost as malevolent at fifteen as she is at eighty. Mr. Mittelhölzer, a heavy, obvious writer who enjoys describing scenes of brutality and is apt to teeter ludicrously when idealism comes up for expression, is spellbound by this woman's sadistic behavior toward her family and her slaves. The book culminates in the uprising of the slaves in 1763.

GENERAL

SAM CLEMENS OF HANNIBAL, by Dixon Wecter (Houghton Mifflin). The first volume of what promised to be the definitive biography of Mark Twain until the author, who was working on the second volume at the time, died two years ago. This one takes Sam Clemens only to his eighteenth year, when he left his home town in Missouri, but it covers the period that was the fountainhead of Mark Twain's best writing. In later life, he recalled his childhood on the banks of the Mississippi as a time in heaven, and his mouth watered, he once said, for "an Elder Time, and a big toe with a rag around it." Mr. Wecter had no easy job reconstructing this "Elder Time," for Mark Twain's autobiographical writings were often clouded with nostalgia, and he had a way of forgetting or altering painful facts, but this is a brilliant book. It presents a totally convincing picture of the red-headed rebel at home, at school, teasing the girls, and working as a printer's devil on his brother's newspaper.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF STALIN, by Louis Fischer (Harper). This opportunistically titled book purports to give a full-length portrait of the Soviet leader. The author spent a good deal of time in Russia during the nineteen-twenties and saw Stalin close at hand, but for the past twelve years he has had no access to the country and has had to rely on secondary sources of information, on interpretation, and on conjecture to bring his record up to date. He presents Stalin as a cunning rather than intelligent man, who has derived a crude but useful knowledge of people out of



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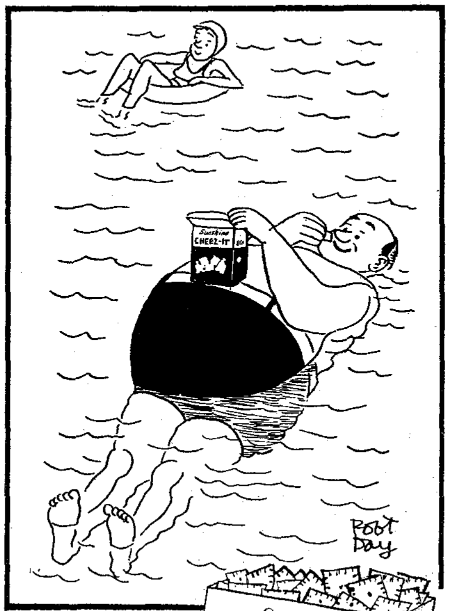

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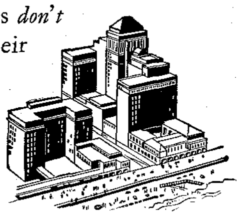

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his contempt for them, and is largely unsure of himself, for reasons that lie deep in his childhood. (Mr. Fischer seems to have been dabbling in psychoanalysis lately.) The last chapter speculates on the succession after Stalin's death; it is informed speculation, but that is all.

A LIFE IN REUTERS, by Sir Roderick Jones (Doubleday). An autobiography, and also the story of Reuters, the worldwide British news-gathering agency founded in 1851 by Paul Julius Reuter, and headed by the author from 1915 until his retirement in 1941. Sir Roderick started with Reuters as a correspondent in South Africa just before the Boer War and became its director and part owner after the death of the founder's son. He gives many glimpses into the rarefied realm of the lords of the press, and permits himself a few delightful excursions into personal reminiscence—his courtship of and marriage to Enid Bagnold, the novelist; his relations with the redoubtable Lord Northcliffe; a lunch he gave for Ribbentrop, at which Sir Austen Chamberlain and Bernard Shaw reduced Hitler's travelling salesman to woolly incoherence. The author is a man of intelligence and integrity, and the writing is good.

ALEXANDER POPE, by Bonamy Dobrée (Philosophical Library). In this short critical and biographical study, Mr. Dobrée gives Pope—who to modern eyes and ears often seems waspish as a man and chillingly formal as a poet—the benefit of warm human sympathy as well as of the latest results of scholarly research. Pope, according to Dobrée, was as capable of generosity to his friends as he was of satire toward his enemies, and exhibited extraordinary moral and physical courage in his devotion to his art throughout a lifetime of nervous strain and bodily weakness. The eighteenth-century background of men and events comes through in a lively way, and the entire essay is so dramatically organized that it holds the interest firmly.

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[*From the Asbury Park* (*N.J.*) *Evening Press*]

"They used to do the dishes together," Mrs. McCleary said.... "Roslyn would snap her chewing gum while she washed, and Art would sing while he dried. I felt sure then there was something in it."

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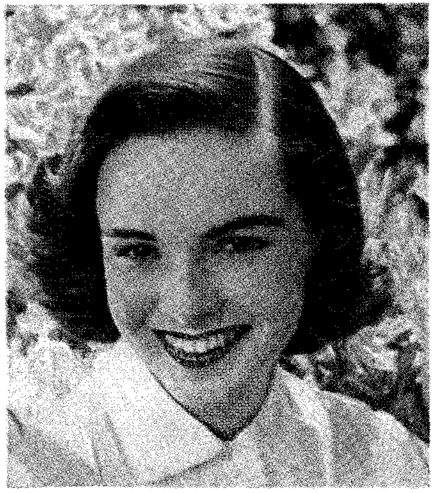

Joan Tebbe

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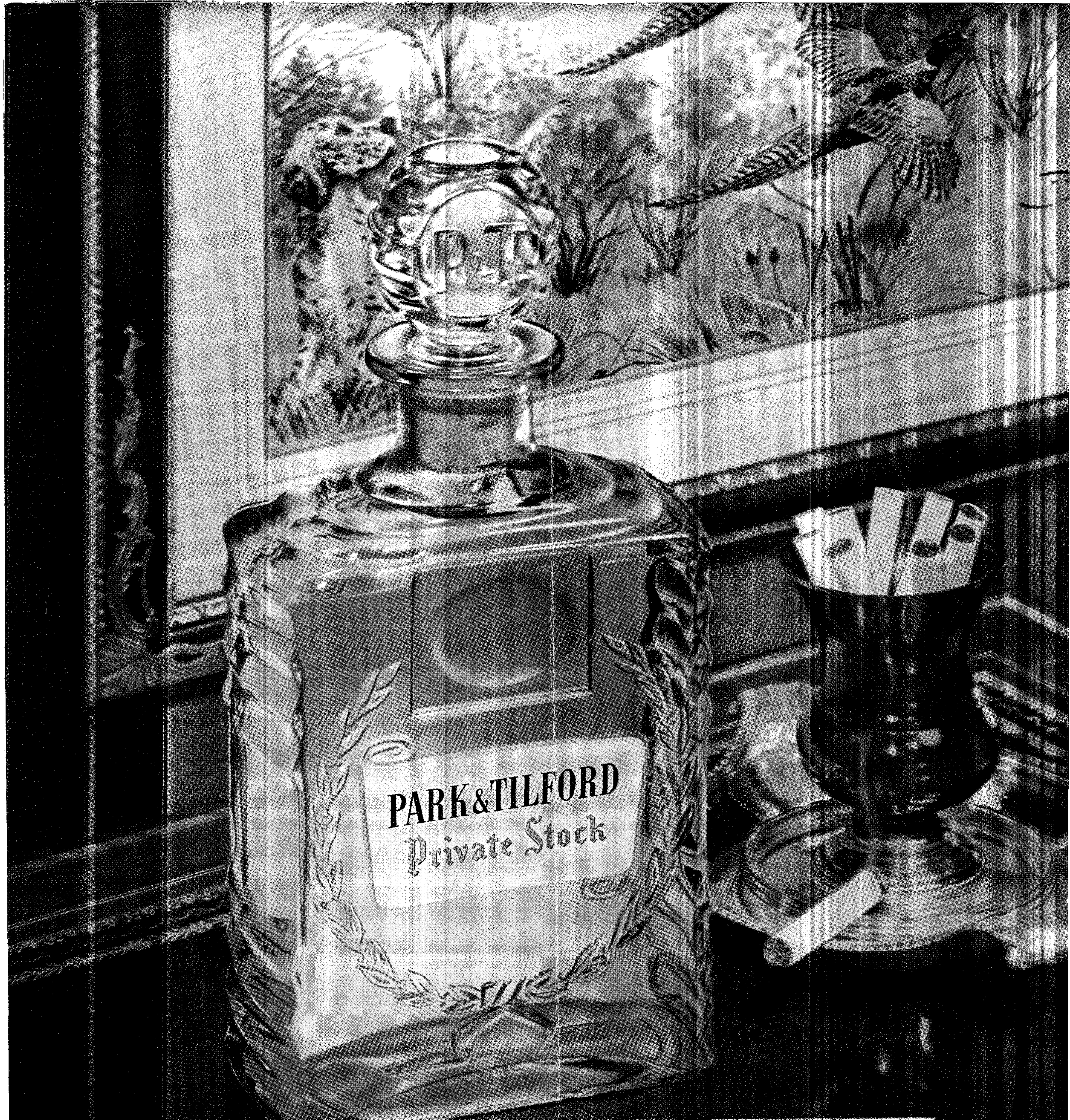

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